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SELECTED.

THE BRIDE.

They tell me gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,
That the wreath is woven in thy hair, for the bridegroom by thy side,
And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone,
As they give thee to another's arms, their beautiful, their own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet,
For it seemed to me, as though a joyous crowd had met,
To see the saddest sight of all, a young and girlish thing;
Cast aside her maiden gladness, for a name and for a ring.

When I think how often I have seen thee with thy face so calm and mild,
And lovely look and step and air and bearing like a child,
Oh, how mournfully, how mournfully, it comes across my brain
That you never more mayest be that free, and girlish thing again.

I would that as my heart dictates, that such might be my lay,
That my voice should be a voice of mirth, of music, like the way;
But, ah! in vain, within my heart, how I open are the springs,
The murmur dies upon my lip, the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,
That sunshine shall illume thy path, that joy shall be thy guest;
That thy life shall be a summer's day, thy evening shall go down,
Like the evening of the eastern clime, that never knows a frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring has pressed thy hand,
When those thou lovest, and those that love thee weeping round thee stand,
Oh, may the rhyme which friendship weaves, like a spirit of the air,
Come o'er thee at that moment, for a blessing and a prayer.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

REVOLUTIONARY PAPERS.

No. I.

Reception of the Declaration of Independence at New York, July 11, 1776.—This day, the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade, of the continental army, posted at and near this city, and every where received with loud huzzas, and the utmost demonstrations of joy.

In the evening the equestrian statue of George III. which tory pride and folly raised in the year 1770, was, by the sons of freedom, laid prostrate in the dirt; the just desert of an ungrateful tyrant! The lead wherewith this monument was made, is to be run into bullets, to assimilate with the brain of our infatuated adversaries, who to gain a *pepper corn*, have lost an Empire.*

Trenton, July 8, 1776.—This day the "Declaration," was proclaimed here, to the evident satisfaction of all that heard it read. The members of the Provincial Congress, the gentlemen of the committees, the officers and privates of the militia under arms, and a large concourse of the inhabitants attended on this great and solemn occasion.

Princeton, July 10.—Last night Nassau Hall was grandly illuminated, and *Independency* proclaimed under a triple volley of musketry, and universal acclamation for the prosperity of the *United States.* The ceremony was conducted with the greatest decorum.

On the 18*th of July*, 1776.—The Declaration was read at New York, at the State House, to a numerous and respectable body of freeholders, and principal inhabitants of the city and county, which was received with general applause and heartfelt satisfaction, and at the same time, our late king's coat of arms was brought from the Hall, where his courts were commonly held, and burned amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators.

Boston, July 25, 1776.—Thursday last, (18th,) pursuant to an order of the honourable council, was proclaimed from the balcony of the State House in this town, the Declaration of the American Congress, absolving the United Colonies from their allegiance to the British crown, and declaring them free and independent states. There were present on the occasion, in the council chamber, the committee of council, a number of the honourable house of representatives, the magistrates, ministers, selectmen, and other gentlemen of Boston, and the neighbouring towns; also the commission officers of the continental regiments stationed here, and other officers. Two of these regiments were under arms in King street, formed into three lines on the north side of the street, and in thirteen divisions; and a detachment from the Massachusetts regiment of artillery, with two pieces of cannon, was on their right wing. At one o'clock the Declaration was proclaimed by Colonel Thomas Crafts, which was received with great joy, expressed by three huzzas from a great concourse of people assembled on the occasion. After which, on a signal given, thirteen pieces of cannon were fired from the fort on Fort-hill, the forts at Dorchester-Neck, the Castle, Nantasket, and Point Alderton, likewise discharged their cannon: Then the detachment of artillery fired their cannon thirteen times, which was followed by the two regiments giving their fire from the thirteen divisions in succession. These fires corresponded to the number of the American States United.

The bells in town were rung on the occasion, and undissembled festivity cheered and brightened every face.

On the same evening the king's arms, and every sign with any resemblance of it, whether lion and crown, pestle and mortar and crown, heart and crown, &c. together with every sign that belonged to a tory was taken down, and made a general conflagration of in King street.

To heighten the general joy, a large ship captured by an American privateer was brought in during the ceremonies.

Portsmouth, N. H. July 20. On the 18th inst. the Independent company under Col. Sherburne, and the Light Infantry company under Col. Langdon, were drawn up on parade, in their uniforms, when the Declaration of Independence from the grand continental congress was read, in the hearing of a numerous and respectable audience; the pleasing countenances of the many patriots present spoke a hearty concurrence in this interesting measure, which was confirmed by loud huzzas, and all conducted in peace and good order.

In Baltimore on the 22*th of July.*—The Declaration was read at the Court House, to a large body of militia and inhabitants of the town and vicinity, which was received with great joy. At night the town was illuminated, and the effigy of the king carted through the town and committed to the flames amidst the acclamations of many hundreds. The just reward of a tyrant.

Ticonderoga, N. Y. July 28.—To-day, immediately after divine worship, the Declaration was read by Col. St. Clair, and having said, "God save the Independent States of America!" The army manifested their joy with hearty cheering. It was remarkably pleasing to see the spirits of the soldiers so raised, the language of every man's countenance was, now, we are a people! we have a name among the nations of the world.

At Charleston, S. C. Annapolis, Md. Williamsburg, Va.—The Declaration was received with universal joy.

Declaration of Virginia, May 18, 1776.—For as much as all the endeavours of the *United Colonies*, by the most decent representations and petitions to the king and parliament of Great Britain, to restore peace and good security to America under the British government, and a re-union with that people upon just and liberal terms, instead of a redress of grievances, have produced, from an imperious and vindictive administration, increased insults, oppression, and a vigorous attempt to effect our total destruction. By a late act all these colonies are declared to be in rebellion, and out of the protection of the British crown, our properties subjected to confiscation; our people, when captured, compelled to join in the murder and plunder of their relations and countrymen, and all former rapine and oppression of Americans declared legal and just. Fleets and armies are raised, and the aid of foreign troops engaged to assist these destructive purposes. The king's representative in this colony hath not only withheld all the powers of government from operating for our safety, but, having retired on board an armed ship, is carrying on a piratical and savage war against us; tempting our slaves, by every artifice, to resort to him, and training and employing them against their masters. In this state of extreme danger, we have no alternative left but an abject submission to the will of those overbearing tyrants, or a total separation from the crown and government of Great Britain, uniting and exerting the strength of all America for defence, and forming alliances with foreign powers for commerce and aid in war; wherefore, appealing to the *Searcher of Hearts* for the sincerity of former declarations, expressing our desire to preserve the connection with that nation, and that we are driven from that inclination by their wicked councils, and the eternal laws of self preservation.

Resolved unanimously, That the delegates appointed to represent this colony in general congress, be instructed to propose to that respectable body, *to Declare the United Colonies free and Independent States*, absolved from all allegiance to, or dependence upon the crown or parliament of Great Britain; and that they give the assent of this colony to such declaration, and to whatever measures may be thought proper and necessary by the congress for forming foreign alliances, and a *Confederation of the Colonies*, at such time, and in the manner, as to them shall seem best. Provided, that the power of forming government for, and the regulations of the internal concerns of each colony, be left to the respective colonial legislatures.

Resolved unanimously, That a committee be appointed to prepare a *Declaration of Rights*, and such a plan of government as will be most likely to maintain peace and good order in this colony, and secure substantial and equal liberty to the people.

Edmund Pendleton, President.

In consequence of the above resolutions, universally regarded as the only door which will lead to safety and prosperity, a number of gentlemen of Williamsburg, where the convention was holden, made a handsome collection for the purpose of treating the soldiery, who next day were paraded in Waller's Grove, before Brigadier Gen. Lewis, attended by the gentlemen of the committee of safety, the members of the general convention, the inhabitants of the city, &c.—The resolutions were read aloud to the army, and received with acclamations by all present. Several toasts were given, among which was the following,

"The American Independent States."—

The Union Flag of the American States waved upon the Capitol during the whole of this ceremony. Every one seemed pleased that the domination of Great Britain was now at an end, so wickedly and tyrannically exercised for these twelve or thirteen years past, notwithstanding our repeated prayers and remonstrances for redress. The evening concluded with illuminations and other demonstrations of joy. The number of members present at the adoption of the above was 112.

Scarcity of Lead.—The consequence of the war with Great Britain, almost all the lead in the colonies that could be procured, has been run into bullets for the army. In New Jersey a committee was appointed "to collect all the leaden weights, from windows and clocks, and all the leaden weights of shops, stores and mills, also all other lead in and about houses and other places."

Manner of recruiting, as practised in England in 1775 & '6—Salisbury, May 27, 1776.—On Thursday a number of *felons* in our goal, under sentence of transportation, were reprieved on condition of their entering into the 27th regiment of foot, to serve his majesty in America against his rebellious subjects, which they agreed to, and were enlisted.

United States Lottery.—This lottery was put on foot by a resolution of congress, passed at Philadelphia, the 18th of November 1776, for the purpose of raising a sum of money, on loan, bearing an annual interest of 4 per cent, which with the sum arising from the deduction (15 per cent.) is to be applied for carrying on the present (revolutionary) most just and necessary war, in defence of the lives, liberties, and property of the inhabitants of these United States.

M.

*Lord Clare in the House of Commons, declared that a pepper corn, in acknowledgment of Britain's right to tax America, was of more importance than millions without it.

LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER IV.

Algiers, Oct. 14, 1834.

My dear Friend,—I have just visited a place of gloomy memory in this city, namely the Bagnio, or prison, in which the Christian slaves used to be shut up after their daily toil. It is a dismal, ruinous-looking old hall, and if the tradition be true that it was once a Catholic chapel, it must be as old as the first ages of Christianity. It is about fifty feet long, and half as broad, with nothing in its appearance to beguile one's painful reflections on the many deep-drawn sighs of agony that must have been respired in the place during 300 years of Christian slavery at Algiers. There were formerly several more of the same night prisons, but this one alone continued to be used for its ancient purpose after Lord Exmouth's victory. When the French took possession of Algiers, they found 122 prisoners. Some of these were soldiers of their own army, who had been taken in the recent fighting, and rescued by the Turks from the yataghans of the Kabails and Arabs; others were individuals fortunate enough to have escaped from the massacres that were perpetrated by the wild natives on the crews of two shipwrecked brigs; the rest were some Greek and Genoese who had been in slavery for two years.

In this bagnio the Christian captives used to be shut up at sunset, and let out again to their labour at sunrise. Ah! what beauty there is in that word sunrise to the imagination of the free.* To us it recalls the carol of the lark, the freshness of flowers, the sounds of cheerful industry, and all the joyous infancy of the day; but to the captive in this prison—what was the daylight? It only broke the oblivion of his misery, or perhaps the dream in which he fancied himself restored to the land of his birth and love. The sun rose only to glare on him like the fierce eyes of his taskmaster, and the black bread for his morning meal was thrown down to him as to a dog! In spite of all these reflections, when I think on this subject, I sometimes try to console myself with arguments for believing that the lot of these victims was not quite so miserable as our imaginations are apt to picture it. Certain it is, that the ransomed Christians who returned to Europe and became objects of popular interest, both as travellers and as sufferers for religion, were by no means anxious to undercolour the portraiture of their past tribulations, whether they depended on the alms of the compassionate, or were rich enough

"Around their fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all they felt and all they saw."

And indeed it would have been hard, after suffering so much among the infidels, if they had found Christian hearts slow to believe in their most wonderful narratives. I was talking the other day with an Algerine on this subject, and he expressed to me his conviction that the grossest exaggerations had been propagated in Europe respecting the maltreatment of Christian slaves at Algiers. God forgive me for joking on so grave a subject! But, in the course of our conversation, a ludicrous instance of Barbary cruelty to a countryman of my own came across my memory, and I upbraided my infidel acquaintance by relating it.—Once on a time, amongst the passengers of a ship that was taken by an Algerine corsair, there was a poor diminutive Scotch tailor, who was condemned to slavery. He was so weak in body that he could not work with the other slaves, but the Dey of Algiers inhumanly obliged him to sit from morning to night upon eggs, like a clucking hen, in order to hatch them. It may be imagined that all Scotland laughed at the little martyr when he came home and related this melancholy adventure. The Moor to whom I mentioned it was also much diverted by it, but resuming his gravity, he remarked, "the story is as improbable as it is ludicrous; for, if the man was a tailor, the Dey would have made fifty times more profit out of him by setting him to sew cloth than to hatch eggs."

"To be serious, though I abominate the memory of Christian slavery in this place, I am fain to hope that its horrors were somewhat exaggerated. All the religious orders in Europe, particularly in Spain, were laudably employed in collecting funds for the ransoming of Christians from Barbary. Those pious men soon discovered a truth, well expressed by Horace, namely, that appeals to the sense of sight touch the mind with incomparably more force than mere statements to the ear. So they preached to the eyes of the charitable. When delivered captives arrived in a Spanish city, they were publicly paraded through it, clad in rags which they had never worn before, and loaded with chains a great deal heavier than the Algerines had ever put upon them, but which had useful weight in the pathetic exhibition.

The circumstance which I am going to tell you carries no evidence at all in favour of the clemency of the Algerines towards their prisoners—but still it is a curious fact, that for a very long period the greater part of the Christian slaves at Algiers were those who had *come voluntarily into slavery.* Oran, which Spain possessed till 1782, and Masalquiver, were considered by the Moors as the chief nursery of their Christian slaves; and, in 1785, it was gravely stipulated between the Spaniards and Algerines, that the latter should still receive, as usual, Christian deserters as slaves—whose numbers used annually to amount to a hundred. The garrison troops in the place I have mentioned were generally vagabonds from all nations, though the most of them, had been Spanish smugglers or Italian bandits. When those worthies had committed some error that threatened them with death or the cat-and-nine-tails, they scarcely exchanged their lot for a worse one, when they embraced Algerine slavery. Some of them also had hopes that the Consul of the European nation to which they belonged might interfere to procure their liberty.

The prisoners brought in by the Corsairs were divided into two classes. The first of these included the captain, the chief officers of the prize, and the passengers with their women and children; all these were put to labour less hard than that of the rest. The children were almost all sent to the palace of the Dey, or to the houses of the first families, and the women were made the servants of the Moorish ladies. The second part of the crew were openly sold to the highest bidders.

As to their general treatment, Leweson, a secretary to the Danish Consulate, who published a work about Algiers towards the latter end of the last century, and who seems a candid writer, gives a description which is not very revolting. Speaking from several years of observation, he thinks that, upon the whole, though he admits exceptions, the captives were neither overwrought nor cruelly treated. Their proprietors, he observes, in general had always more or less the prospect of selling them for a ransom, and were therefore interested in keeping them alive. Those who were condemned to labour at the public works were the most unfortunate. They were placed by day under the constant inspection of Turks, who were called their *guardians*, a gentle name for the office of those who guarded against their escape. From this account I gathered that they had three small loaves of coarse bread in the morning, with gruel and old butter or native oil, which is execrably rancid, and then in the evening a repetition of the bread and a few olives.—There were many individuals even in this worst-off class who, when they were good workmen, could make a little money by performing services for the natives after sunset, on getting permission from their guardians to let them return to the lock-up house at a later hour, by which means they could obtain a good supper and a cup of wine. The dress granted them annually by the state consisted of a long shirt, a woolen tunic with long sleeves, and a cloak of the same material. For bedding, they had a woollen coverlet, a pillow, and a matress. No mention is made of their being provided with shoes or stockings.

Slaves that belonged to individual proprietors, whether Turks, Moors, or Jews, (it was not permitted to Christians to have slaves at all, and Jews could have none who professed Mahometanism,) were generally better off than those that were the property of the state. In the city they mostly served as domestics; in the country their agricultural intelligence often raised them to the rank of bailiffs on estates, and there were instances of their becoming such favourites in families as to cause scandal and amputation of heads, on account of intimacy with wives and daughters. The Christian slaves who were taken into the domestic service of the Dey were also comparatively fortunate. They had little to do, they were well clothed, and fed sumptuously, and when they pleased their owners, it is probable that their *only* suffering (though, alas! it was a *sad only*) were their longings to return home, and the *ennui* of domestic confinement.

Besides the European Consuls and their families and secretaries, they were some other free Christians, such as merchants, artists, and Catholic as well as Greek, spirituals, who were permitted to exist at Algiers. To all this class of persons the proprietors of Christian slaves used to let them out as servants on moderate terms, and on the assurance that the hirer would be responsible if the slave escaped. Thus a few of the captives found Christian homes, nor were they required to repair at night to the bagnios, where, according to law, all slaves were to be shut up after daylight. Some of them after a time left the service of their patrons with money or credit enough to be able to set up taverns, where, by the sale of wine and spirits, they would sometimes make enough to purchase their ransom, and to return to Europe richer than they had left it. But the security exacted from free Christians against the elopement of *such protegees* was severe and dangerous; nay, the patron was even responsible to the proprietor for the value of the slave in case of his death. So the free Christians, it may be easily imagined, were very cautious as to the objects of their cautionry, and even when they gave it, generally required their fellow believer to wear a token of his obligation to them. Some free strangers from Christendom having seated themselves one day in a tavern, and called for wine, mine host brought it into them limping with an iron circle on one of his legs. "What," said they, "Boniface, do you keep this house, and are you yet a slave?"—"I am so, nominally," he answered; "a Moor is my proprietor, but Mr. so-and-so is my patron, God bless him!—he set me up in this shop, and gives security against my quitting Algiers without notice."—"Does the law oblige you to wear that iron?"—"No;" said the arch fellow, "I wear it only to oblige my patron"—"Does he distrust you then?"—"Oh dear me no!—no more than he distrusts his own wife; but just by way of a ceremony, he gave his wife a ring to wear on her finger, and in the same way he gave me this iron ring to wear above my ancle." In reality, however, the ancle ring was not so easily slipt off as a finger one, and its notoriety was some security to the patron. Where is patronage to be found without a badge?

Lastly, as a mitigating circumstance in Christian slavery at Algiers, it is but fair to mention, that when slaves were ill-treated, they had a right to repair either to the Dey's palace, or to the nearest Maraboot or Mahometan chapel, and there to prefer their complaint. If the case of ill usage was proved, the proprietor was admonished: if it occurred twice, the slave was taken without compensation from his cruel master and transferred to another proprietor. Here there was at least some seeming recognition of the right of humanity. But put all the above circumstances together, and place Algerine slavery in its mildest light, it was still an atrocity that reproaches the tardiness of its extinction. The slave's right to appeal to the Dey in case of hard usage must have been for the most part the next thing to a mockery.—Those candid travellers who are disposed rather to smooth than to aggravate our horror at the lot of the captives, admit that those who laboured at the public works were sometimes taxed to extreme toil, and that the numbers shut up every night in the bagnios suffered dreadfully from their hard beds, and the filth and stench of their incarceration. Altogether, whatever may become of the colony, let us thank the French for having at least obliterated the last vestiges of Christian slavery.

The history of that evil, now so happily abolished, may teach us that there is a moral reaction in the universe, which seldom leaves crimes without a progeny of crimes, and that the source of every great act of injustice may generally be traced up to some preceding one. The Roman Catholics were taught persecution by Roman Pagans, and they bequeathed their lessons to the Protestants, who, from Calvin down to the Irish Orangemen, retaliated on Catholics. In like manner Christian slavery at Algiers had its origin in the reflux of revenge and fanaticism from Africa back to Europe, after the Moors had been driven with horrible cruelty out of Spain. As often as the Moors show you the tomb of Barbarossa, they call him their avenger. Nor should it be forgotten, that most of the southern states of Europe—Spaniards, Sardinians,—the subjects of the Pope and the Maltese, till a recent period, condemned to the galleys all the people of Barbary who fell into their hands.

It is difficult to compute what the number of Christian slaves may have been at Algiers in times far gone by; but I am inclined to reckon that they were at least 2,000 during the early part of the last century, and in the preceding age they were probably many more. Leweson says that, in 1785, they amounted to 2,000—though the French had ransomed all natives of France. At the epoch of Lord Exmouth's victory they had been reduced to less than 1,000 and England lost a gallant mariner for every slave whom she delivered.

The sojourn of an European here, unless he is interested in trade or in the objects of a traveller, is not even now particularly enviable; but in former times it must have been dismal. Nay, at this moment I doubt, supposing two unmarried Protestants wished to enter on the state of matrimony, whether they could find a priest of their own church to link the fatal knot and afford religious consolation to the sufferers. I know not how they manage the matter at present, but formerly the Protestants used to apply, in case of marriages, christenings, and burials, to a Greek priest, who, to their great edification, repeated the service in a language of which they understood not one syllable.

But during the worst times at Algiers the free Christians were well off as to personal security.—They had each of them a Turk for a protector, who accompanied them wherever they chose, and saw that they were neither offended nor injured. And woe to him or her who in word or deed ill used the *protegee* of this Turkish guardian! In the year 1786, the wife of a European consul, who was *enceinte*, was walking in the streets, when a Moorish lady came up to her, touched her on the stomach, and said something insulting to her. For this the Mooress was instantly taken before the Cadi, and sentenced to the bastinado, which she underwent, though both the consul and his wife pleaded for her pardon.

The two principal outlets from Algiers are at the opposite gates of Bab-el-Oued and Babazoon. The outside of the latter used to be the scene of those hideous executions, which were not discontinued till very lately, though they had begun to be infrequent. A short way from Babazoon you find a miniature encampment of those natives, who have brought their country productions to town, and who, to save the expense of lodgings, sleep here under miserable tents with their dogs and beasts of burthen. The road, as you turn from this squalid scene, divides itself into two branches. In the lower direction it takes you, after passing a village tolerably well stocked with shops, along the level of the bay that stretches from Algiers to Cape Matifou. If you pursue this road for a league it will bring you to an establishment which the French call the Garden of Experiment and Naturalization. I rode out thither one morning with M. Descousse, and the head gardener showed us minutely over the whole Pépinière. The object of the establishment is great and useful; namely, to try among almost all horticultural productions what kinds will best succeed in this country. On a space of eighty acres there are twenty-five thousand trees, bushes, and plants. All this tells interestingly and honourably for France.—The experiment seems magnificent, but, like a French compliment, it is more showy than substantial. I inquired of the head gardener how many labourers he had in the Pépinière. Twenty he told me. I am no great judge of the subject, but it struck me that twenty pair of hands were too few for eighty acres of nursery ground and 25,000 trees and plants. "For that matter," he replied, "if I had but twenty active fellows, and they were well paid, I should have no care; but I have only miserable natives, or Europeans that are the scum of the earth, and even these are ill paid." "And what is your own salary, may I ask?" "*Why, Sir,* 1500 *francs a year, but they are not regularly forthcoming. In short, the whole concern is starved by the French government; and though it would cost no great matter to set abundance, I have no more than a third part of what would suffice for irrigation.*" This the head gardener told me in the hearing of M. Descousse. I went the same evening to a large party of French people, and expressed my regret very strongly that so noble a project as their Experimental Garden should be starved from false economy. In so doing I neglected an advice that was once given me by a shrewd old Scotchman—"Speak the truth, my boy, as often and as freely as you can, but never for a moment longer than it is agreeable to your hearers." Next day I understood that I had given offence in a high quarter by my remarks, and an eminent functionary desired Mr. St. John to assure me that he (the functionary) was not in the least to blame in the business. I could with sincerity return him my assurance that I had never attributed any blame to him. The fault lies at Paris.

Apropos to horticulture—let me speak of the general efforts at cultivation which the French are making around Algiers. I derive my information chiefly from M. Lacrouts, the principal banker at Algiers, who to fortune, intelligence, and public spirit have prompted him to make large experiments in [illegible]. He has favoured me with a manuscript book of remarks on the subject. He has cultivated with success the tender sort of grain which the French call [illegible], which has afforded him, even on ground that was not manured, a return of from 8 3-4 to 12 1-2 for 1 seed that was sown. Hard grain has not succeeded so well, and oats indifferently; but he has sown [illegible], and the product has been abundant and of good quality. Some of his experiments in indigo have been also fortunate, and he has a roll of this model as beautiful as ever came from the East. On other of his estates, M. Lacrouts has constructed a mill for olive oil, one third part of which is as excellent as the best that ever came from Provence, while the rest, though inferior, was found to be useful of some value.

From all that I can learn and observe, there seems to me to be no doubt that the intertropical productions, which the Algerine Regency is capable of rearing, might become a great source of wealth to France, and very soon make the country swarm with prosperous population, if the difficulty of introducing abundant capital could be overcome. At present, whilst capital with us obtain some four per cent, it varies here, according to the confidence of the lender, from twelve to sixty per cent. This high rate of interest is palpably an obstacle to agriculture, or I should perhaps rather say horticultural, speculation; I mean to the rearing of those products which require patience and expense. Accordingly it is a fact, and one which I give with deliberate certainty, that of the whole number of European colonists settled here, between 300 and 400, there are not more than five or six proprietors who are occupied in the culture of the olive and the mulberry—two products about the success and valuableness of which to France, granting capital and industry, there can be no manner of doubt. As to what may be gained by the culture of [illegible], cochineal, senna, cotton, tobacco, wine, and some other articles, a question may be raised, though in my humble mind, there is no scepticism as to the immense wealth that might be derived from Algerine wine and tobacco. But still, allowing that point to be disputable, nobody questions that fleet-loads of silk and oil might be freighted from Algiers. And what is likely to prevent this eventually? Why the scarcity of capital, and the want of a public bank to supply the agriculturist on the security of his land. Almost every nine out of an hundred of the settlers are forced to get an immediate livelihood by rearing grain and vegetables which very poorly repay the expense of cultivation. The most eminent of them, a M. Coupot, has not made some £150 sterling by his farm. A few rich men amuse themselves with pretty experiments; but this is all child's work with regard to the chance of France ever repaying by importations the heavy expenses of her colony. How is capital then to be got? Why I think it might be obtained simply by making free ports of all the ports of the Regency; English capital, I conceive, would then flow into Algiers, and millions of our money would bring double the interest that it now fetches in England.

I mentioned this opinion to some of the most influential French officers, both civil and military. The latter class listened to the idea with an air of polite but jealous coolness. "Ah! you Englishmen," they said, "are true patriots, and you can see nothing in the world without wishing England to benefit by it; but what right has England, with so many colonies, to grudge France the fairly-won and exclusive possession of Algiers?" I said, "You mistake me; we don't grudge you Algiers; England would not accept of your colony if you were to offer it to her as a present to-morrow." Still it has been only a few of the more intelligent French officers that I have been able to make converts to this truth,—that England does not envy France the possession of Algiers. France is at this moment paying nearly a million and a half sterling a year for the right of maintaining 27,000 soldiers on the coast, who are decimated every year, and who, with their blockhouses, occupy a few miles of territory around Algiers, Oran, and Bona. M. Lacrouts, the banker, treated my suggestion in a different manner from the military men; "It is my firm opinion," he said, "that the wisest thing France could do would be to make the Algerine ports all free."

If you are not already tired with my remarks, please to remember that I was lately speaking of the outlets to the country from the town of Algiers, and conceive me ciceroneing you in imagination out of the gate of Babazoon. Leaving that gate on the right, you are led by a fine spacious road, cut on the side of the hill by the orders of the Duke of Ragusa, and very creditable to his memory. In ascending, it is pleasant to look back below. There is a palm tree that, with its feathery foliage, gives an oriental character to the scene. Whether it is a gentleman or a lady tree I do not know; but whichsoever it is, it is fruitless, because it stands alone, for palm trees will not fructify unless they grow in couples. They have no notion of single blessedness. Heaven smiles on the gallant vegetables!

You see also from this ascent several picturesque Maraboot chapels, and the guide pointed out to me a spot which he said was the tomb of Barbarossa.

At the top of this hill you get to the great road that goes towards Douera and Boufaric. From this eminence the view is superb—the bay with its mighty blue semicircle, fringed with creamy foam—the white country-houses with their orange-gardens—the maraboots, interspersed with here and there a palm tree—the plain below, where the vapours of the river Arach, as it discharges itself at Cape Matifou, are seen sporting in the sun, and the noble mountains towering behind the Meridjah. All these objects, when I looked around me, filled me with but vain regrets that I had not beside me some capital artist, to note the scene. The French sent hither the younger Vernet; but he is long returned; and I have never been able to get a sight of his Algerine sketches. But England is exuberant in painters; and why are none of them here? What studies would not Wilkie find among the Arabs and Kabyls,—the laughing negroes and the merry Jew-boys of the market-place. What scope on these sea-shores for the grace of Callcott! and what mountain lights and shades for the sublimity of Turner! The altitude of those mountains I find differently estimated. I love them too well to quarrel about a few hundred toises as to their stature; but the highest of them seem to me to be twice the height of Ben Nevis. They have an aspect peculiarly bold.—Stretching in a long sweep, with visibly deep indentations and ravines—with cliffs that are purpled, and masses of precipices that are browned by the sun, they strike the fancy—if one may compare mountains to men—as soldier-featured beings, that bid defiance to invasion. And full sure, amidst those passes, the Kabyles have often taught both the Turks and French, that Freedom is a mountain nymph.

But the ascent to this excursion is too fatiguing for a pedestrian excursion, and at noon it is apt to be too sunny for a ride. You should go out thither on horseback, when the cryer from the minaret is chaunting to matin prayers, and when the cannon in the harbour announces day-break—whilst the jackal and hyena are skulking home through the dewy nopals—and whilst the daylight is blushing in Heaven like the life-blood returning to a lovely countenance.

The only foot promenade you can well enjoy at Algiers is on the outside of the gate Bab-el-Oued. The most interesting place to which this outlet takes you after you pass the fort of twenty-four hours (so called, because it is said to have been built within that time,) and the burial grounds, is the place still called the Dey's Gardens, which contain many buildings, marble paved courts, and magnificent fountains. The edifices, by the side of which the French have built numerous wooden barracks, have been converted into a military hospital, whilst the garden grounds are laid out as an experimental nursery for rearing the useful botanical productions which the French are ambitious of cultivating in Africa. The Bab-el-Oued Pépinière, however, is on a much smaller scale than the one to which you go out by Babazoon; it contains only a few acres. Here I have made acquaintance with the worthy and accomplished Mr. Maris, the head physician of the hospital, who allows me to come down every morning with a napkin full of wild flowers, the botanical names of every one of which he writes for me on a slip of paper, besides teaching me how to preserve the flowers. Domesticated with him, and equally hospitable, I find two twin brothers, who are the head botanists of the now existing establishment. Their likeness in form and face makes them perfectly undistinguishable, even when they are together, and they speak and laugh so similarly, that if you were to shut your eyes to overhearing their conversation, you would swear that it was a man speaking to himself.—Their studies and progress in life have been the same, and their very souls seem to be twins.

In those Gardens of the Dey you meet with both the cotton tree and the cotton-bush, the sugar-cane, and the cochineal insect, feeding on that particular species of the Indian cactus which is without prickles. And how are these productions prospering, you will ask me? Why the botanists who tend them tell me they are succeeding admirably, and of the candour of those men I entertain not a doubt, but may not their very devotedness to the culture of them make them over-sanguine in their hopes? And supposing that those productions thrive well in a snug nursery, is that a sure prognostic that they will repay the cost of extensive field cultivation? On this subject, it would require the practical experience of a tropical farmer to speak with confidence. Commend me, therefore, to the sagacity of a young Dutchman whose acquaintance I have made here. His father has given him several thousand pounds to buy land and settle as a colonist. The land, he told me he had bought for a trifle; but that he should not put spade or a plough into it, till he had been a year and a half on the other side of the Atlantic, and studied there the cultivation of sugar, indigo, &c.; for this purpose he is embarking for America.

Close by the Dey's Gardens and Palace, there are buildings now employed as barracks, which were formerly used as a *Poudrière*. If I understand that French word rightly, it means powder-mill; a palace and a powder-mill in juxtaposition—is not that a droll allocation? And yet this was the palace where they Deys used to keep their finest women. Did their highnesses wish to blow up the beautiful creatures in some case of emergency? No, surely, for they exposed themselves to the same peril. And this powder-mill stood so close to the sea, that an enemy's bomb-ship might have thrown a shell into it, without advancing dangerously close to the neighbouring batteries. The last Dey however had, for many years, discontinued to live in this country-house, having removed up to the Cassaba, from the fear of a blow up of a different nature among his Janisseries.

*I find a similar sentiment better expressed, in a poem full of grace and sweetness, which has been lately published, and which I chanced to open for the first time after writing the above sentence:—

"How beautiful is Nature to the blest!
Sunbeams, that seem to mock the sad at heart,—
Flowers, whose bright hues but sadden the oppress'd."
Bride of Siena.

TALES FROM THE FRENCH.

THE ORATORY.—About six months prior to her death, the Countesse de Merset, having been seriously indisposed, occupied a separate suit of apartments from those of the comte, La Grand Bretèche. Her sleeping room looked upon the river, and had sash windows opening upon the lawn, which sloped pleasantly towards its banks. Within this apartment was a small recess with a glass door which served as an oratory, about four feet square, and constructed within the thickness of the wall. On the night in question, by one of those strange fatalities for which there is no explanation, the comte returned home two hours later than usual from the club where he usually spent his evening in reading the papers or discussing politics.—The invasion of France had formed the leading topic of conversation, and the subject of a long and animated discussion after which, being already excited by argument, the comte had lost a considerable sum at billiards. On returning home he had usually satisfied himself, for some time past, by asking the comtesse's attendant, Rosalie, if her lady had retired to rest, ere he proceeded to his own apartments; but on this night it occurred to him he would visit her himself, that he might recount his ill-luck. Accordingly, instead of summoning Rosalie, he proceeded directly to the chamber of the countess. His well known step resounded along the corridor, and at the instant he turned the handle of the door, he fancied he heard that of the oratory within closed suddenly; but when he entered the apartment, he saw Madame de Merset standing before the hearth, on which smouldered the embers of a half extinguished fire. It immediately occurred to him that it must have been Rosalie who went into the oratory, from which however, there was no egress but through the comtesse's apartment. Yet a suspicion of a darker nature crossed his imagination like a sudden flash of dazzling light, which could not be extinguished. He looked fixedly at his wife, and there seemed a troubled expression in her, as she avoided his searching glance.

"You are late to-night," she said, and there was a slight tremor in her voice, usually so clear and musical.

The comte did not reply, for at that instant, as if to strengthen the horrid thought which possessed his secret soul, Rosalie entered the room. Turning abruptly from her, he folded his arms moodily across his breast, and mechanically paced the apartment.

"You are ill my lord I fear; or bring you evil tidings?" gently inquired the comtesse, as her attendant proceeded to undress her. But he still continued silent. "You may retire," added Madame de Merset to her attendant, for she foresaw something more than usual was gathering on the disturbed brow of her lord, and she wished to meet it alone.

As soon as Rosalie was gone, or supposed to be so, he approached his lady, and said coldly, though his lips trembled with emotion, "Some one is concealed within that oratory."

The comtesse looked calmly and somewhat proudly at her husband, and simply answered, "No, my lord." The "no," smote like a knife across his heart for he dared not believe her, and yet never had she seemed more pure to him than at that moment. He was advancing a step towards the door of the oratory as if to convince himself, when the comtesse, placing her hand upon his arm, arrested him, and looking at him for a moment with an expression of deep melancholy, said in a voice trembling with emotion, "Should you find no one there, remember, all must be at an end between us forever.

And there was ineffable dignity in her look and manner which awed the comte's suspicion, and made him pause in his purpose. "No, Josephine," he exclaimed, "I open not that door, as, guilty or innocent, we then must part. But listen, I know all the purity of heart, and the sanctity of life, thou leadest; thou would'st not commit a mortal sin at the expense of thy soul." She looked at him wildly. "Here is the crucifix. Take it—swear to me before that image there is no one there, and I will never seek to enter."

The countesse took the crucifix, and murmured, "I swear!"

"Louder," said her husband, "and repeat, I swear before the virgin there is no one concealed in that oratory." And she repeated the words of the oath without any visible emotion.

"'Tis well," M. de Merset coldly said; then added, after a moment's silence, his eye resting upon the crucifix she had just laid down, which was of ebony and silver and of exquisite workmanship—"You have something there which I never saw before, or knew that you possessed."

"I met with it accidentally at Duvivier's, who bought it of one of the Spanish prisoners of war, when they passed through Vendome, on their way to the frontier."

"Ah!" said the comte, replacing the crucifix on its gilt nail over the chimney piece—in doing which, at the same moment, he rang the bell. Rosalie came immediately. M. de Merset advanced to meet her, and leading her into the embrasure of the window which opened upon the lawn, abruptly, and in an undertone, said, "I understand that poverty alone prevents your union with Philippe, and that you have declared your intention not to become his wife until he shall have found the means of establishing himself in business as a master mason. Now, mark me—go seek him—bring him hither with his tools. Let him do what I desire, and his fortune shall surpass your utmost wishes—but take special care to wake no one besides himself in the house—above all, let not a word escape your lips—a whisper and—" His brow darkened, as he looked menacingly upon her. She was about to leave the room to obey his orders, when he added, "Hold, take my *passie partout.*" He then called Louis in a voice of thunder along the corridor. Louis, his confidential servant, appeared at the hasty summons of his master, who added in a tone of authority, "Get you all to bed." Then making a sign for him to approach nearer, and lowering his voice, said, "When they shall be all asleep—asleep, mind—you come and inform me."

During none of these extraordinary arrangements had the comte once lost sight of his lady, and when he had finished giving his orders, he returned to where she was seated by the fireside.

When Rosalie re-entered the room, she found the comte, and comtesse conversing together, to all appearance mechanically.

"Philippe is here, monsieur," said Rosalie.

"'Tis well," answered her master "bid him enter."

The comtesse grew slightly pale, on seeing the mason.

"Philippe," said the comte, "you will find materials in the court yard for walling up the door of yonder cabinet." And drawing Rosalie and her lover to him—"Listen, Philippe," he continued, "you remain here to-night, but to-morrow you will receive from me a passport, which shall enable you to leave this place for some distant town in a foreign land, which I will indicate. I give you the sum of six thousand francs for your journey: and you will remain ten years either in the town of which I shall direct you, or in any other you may yourself select, provided you continue in the country in which it is situated. But you will first proceed to Paris, where you will await my arrival; then I will ensure the possession of another six thousand francs, to be paid you on your return from your expatriation, provided you have strictly complied with my conditions. At this price, understand, whatever you may be called upon to do this night *must* remain forever a secret. For you, Rosalie, he continued, turning towards her, as he spoke, "I will settle ten thousand francs on you the day of your marriage with Philippe; but mark me, this promise is made on the sole condition of *your marrying him.*"

At this moment the comtesse's voice was heard calling to Rosalie, and the comte turning away, proceeded quietly to pace the apartment, watching the movements of his wife, Rosalie, and the mason, but without allowing any indications of suspicion to be discernable. Philippe, meanwhile, in pursuance of the task imposed on him, made a considerable degree of noise; and seizing this chance of her voice not reaching the ears of the comte, who had just attained the other end of the chamber, the comtesse hurriedly addressed Rosalie, in a tone that was scarcely above a whisper—"A hundred crowns yearly for life are thine," she said, "if thou canst only obtain one crevice there," pointing to the door of the oratory, which Philippe had commenced building up with brick and plaster. Then in a louder voice, and with a fearful calmness, as her husband approached, she added, "Go, Rosalie, to the assistance of Philippe."

The husband and wife, as by a sort of tacit agreement, remained mutually silent during the time employed in filling up the doorway. This silence perhaps might have been assumed on the part of the comte, to prevent the countess from having it in her power to convey any double meaning in her words; while, on the other side, it might have been pride, or prudence, perhaps, which prevented her from breaking it. By this time, the wall being about half way completed, the artful mason, seizing his opportunity when the comte's back was turned to the scene of operations, struck a blow on the door of the cabinet, which shattered one of the panes of glass. This action gave Madame de Merset to understand the success of the intelligence which subsisted between Rosalie and her lover, and casting a glance of intense anxiety towards the now darkened aperture, the mason as well as herself beheld within it the dark and handsome countenance of a man, whose intrepid look of courage and devotion fell upon her pale and guilty countenance. Ere her husband turned again in his walk she made a hasty sign to the stranger, which seemed to say "there is yet hope."

It was near day-break—that is to say, about four o'clock, for it was in the month of May—ere the construction was completed; and the mason having been delivered to the care of Louis, the comte and comtesse retired to rest. The next morning on rising, the comte seized his hat, and making a step towards the door, and with the utmost appearance of indifference, he must go to the mayoralty for a passport. Then suddenly turning back, as his eye chanced to rest upon the crucifix, he took it from the chimney place, and as he did so a thrill of satisfaction passed through the bosom of the comtesse. "He is going to Duvivier's," she thought, "and will be the longer absent."

Scarcely had he left the apartment when she rang the bell violently to summon Rosalie, and in a voice that was rendered fearful by excess of agitation, cried, "To work! to work!" Then frantically seizing an iron bar which Rosalie by her direction brought for the purpose, commenced demolishing the yet undried work of Philippe. Desperate were her efforts, in the hopes of being able to repair the destruction of the walled up doorway, before the dreaded return of the comte. Despair lent her energy, and a voice within, which penetrated to her sharpened and nervous ear, alone encouraged her to proceed. Already a part of the brick work had yielded, and she was in the act of applying a yet more vigorous blow for the removal of the remaining impediments, when the comte, pale and menacing, stood before her. She shrieked not, spoke not, but fell insensible on the floor.

"Place your lady on the bed," M. de Merset coldly said. The truth was, he had foreseen the probable result of his absence; and had accordingly laid a snare into which his wretched wife had but too surely fallen. He had written to the mayor, and sent to Duvivier, who had arrived just as the countess's apartment was again restored to order, and herself recovered from her swoon.

"Duvivier," said the comte, addressing the unconscious jeweller, "did you receive this crucifix from any of the Spanish officers who passed through the town as prisoners of war, on their way to the frontier, a short time since?"

"I did not, monsieur, nor have I ever seen it before," was the reply.

"Enough—I thank you," rejoined the comte, calmly restoring the relic to its former place; then as the jeweller left the room, he desired Louis to see that his repasts were served regularly in the apartment of the comtesse, "who is too ill," continued he, "for me to think of leaving her until her health is in some degree re-established."

And for fifteen days did the comte de Merset continue to keep watch over her. During the first six a noise was from time to time heard in that closed-up cabinet, which struck terror to the soul of the guilty woman, and horror and despair crept through her veins; but when she would have thrown herself at his feet, to implore for mercy on herself and the stranger that was dying there, without allowing her to give utterance to the agonized prayer which rose to her parched lips, with a fierce and cruel emphasis he checked her, saying "You have sworn, on THAT crucifix, there is no ONE there!"

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH YARD.

It was a hot and sultry day in June of 18—, that almost unconsciously, I strolled into the church yard of the small village of M——. An inexpressible charm hangs round a "village church yard." Secure from the noise and commotion of a city, a mournful stillness reigns over the scene, well calculated to impress on the mind a sense of the mutability of human effort and human existence I love to hold communion with the dead: and to reflect on the brevity of moral existence. Man, proud man, not satiated with a world, would grasp at more, till Heaven offended, hurls him from the summit of his proud ambition, down to his native dust.

While thus engaged in thought, I perceived a funeral procession entering the church yard, preceded by eight young females, dressed in white, bearing a coffin on a bier, strewed with garlands.

In a small and retired village, the inhabitants are as but one family, and when one dies the loss is felt by all.

The procession entered the church, the relatives stood round the bier; there was the father, whose venerable and hoary locks proclaimed him near the verge of that scene, which he was now contemplating, there too was the mother, and as they gazed upon the remains of their lifeless child, their only hope, their joy, tears of agony rolled down their furrowed cheeks, at the foot of the bier stood a young man, and the tears trickled down his manly cheeks. It is an attribute to woman's nature to weep in times of sorrow and distress, but when we see man's proud spirit humbled to tears, then indeed we know great is the agony of his spirit, the anguish of his soul.

As the solemn notes of the organ swept along the aisle, not a tearless eye was there. The burial rites were soon over. When the funeral had dispersed, from one of the villagers I learned the mournful tale, 'twas simple and affecting. She was the betrothed of the young man, whom I saw standing at the foot of the bier: they had been out a few days previous, on an excursion of pleasure, returning home they were overtaken by a storm, she took cold, illness and subsequent death followed; and the "poor good soul" as my narrator designated the young and lovely Emily W—— "had gone to her rest." I lingered around the newly covered grave until the setting sun, reminded me that I must at length tear myself from the repose of so much beauty, innocence, and virtue.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

WHY DON'T HE COME.

AIR—*Twilight Dews.*

With anxious look, her wand'ring eye,
Strays far away from home;
Then with a deep and heartfelt sigh,
Says, "why? why don't he come!"

Ah! What a tale each glist'ning tear,
That melts on beauty's cheek,
Could whisper in a lover's ear
Had it the power to speak!

If ev'ry wish her heart has borne,
That's told in sorrow's strain,
Could go where her fond lover's gone
Soon he'd return again! BLACK HAWK.

We find now and then some genuine poetical effusions from the pen of Mr. Waddell, in the New York Evening Star. The author is one of our most gifted of poets, without knowing it. The following is one of his latest productions.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.

Day of glory, day of wonder,
To a world bright freedom's morn,
He who burst our bonds asunder,
Washington this day was born.

Shout that name on hill, or valley,
River, bay, or chainless sea,
At the sound shall patriots rally,
Fight and die for liberty.

Breathe that name to captive sighing,
He will spurn a tyrant's chain;
Or to wounded hero dying,
It will soothe life's parting pain.

Robed in glory, bright in story,
Till the sons of time have run,
Lisping babe and old age hoary
Bless the name of Washington.

Extract of the letter of Senator Leigh, to the General Assembly of Virginia, in reply to a resolution of that body, requesting him to vote for a resolution in the Senate, expunging a resolution of last session, declaring the proceedings of the Executive illegal, &c:—

"I am not aware that that House has made any complaint: perhaps it understood the subject too well to do so. It is the executive only that has protested against this proceeding of the Senate; and the only conceivable purpose which the proposed expunction of it can answer, will be to signalize the triumph of Executive power over a department of the Legislature that has had the firmness to oppose its measures—to set a mark of disgrace and humiliation upon the Senate, and to bind a wreath of inglorious victory around the brow of the President. And even for this purpose, no stroke of the pen was ever more vain, than that which shall mark those black lines around the resolution of the Senate, and write that sentence of expunction on its face—if, indeed, it be not calculated to work the direct contrary effect to that intended. The victory of the President over the Senate may be as complete without it. And if, unhappily, the fruits of that victory shall ripen into their full maturity of bitterness—in times to come, when the constitution and the Senate shall be subverted—when the check it was ordained to hold upon the power of the Executive, and of the popular national branch of the Legislature, shall be removed—when the substance of the Constitution shall be destroyed, and nothing but its empty forms remain. History will paint those black lines drawn around this resolution, and those fatal words of condemnation written across its face, and hold them up as a mournful momento to ourselves of departed liberty, and a warning to some happier race of mankind. If, on the other hand, the Senate shall, by the blessings of Providence, continue to maintain its place in the system—still exercising the functions for which it was designed—enjoying freedom of deliberation and independence of action, then will the manuscript volume of the journal, and indeed the single page containing those memorable circular black lines, be the only volume, and the only page, that will ever be sought after, or read. The process of expunging the resolution is the surest way to render the memory of it immortal.

It cannot be forgotten that, very shortly before I was first elected to the Senate, the General Assembly of Virginia, upon long and solemn deliberation, *Resolved*, "1. That the recent act of the President of the United States, exerting a control over the public deposites, by causing them to be withheld and withdrawn, on his own responsibility, from the United States Bank, in which they had been ordered to be placed by the act of Congress chartering the said bank, is, in the judgment of the General Assembly, a dangerous and alarming assumption of power by that officer, which cannot be too strongly condemned. 2. That, while the General Assembly will ever be ready to sustain the President in the exercise of all such powers as the Constitution has confided to him, they, nevertheless, cannot but regard with apprehension and distrust the disposition to extend his official authority beyond its just and proper limits, which he has so clearly manifested in his recent interference with the Treasury Department of the Federal Government, in the exercise of a sound discretion which Congress had confided to the head of that Department alone. 3. That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives requested, to use their best endeavors to procure the adoption, by Congress, of proper measures for restoring the public monies to the Bank of the United States, or at least causing them to be deposited therein for the future, according to the direction and stipulation of the act of Congress chartering the said bank, if, at the time of their action on the subject, the said bank be, in their opinion, a safe depository of the public treasure." Thus, the General Assembly, at that session, expressly affirmed the very proposition (and in far stronger terms) contained in the resolution of the Senate which the present Assembly condemns; and the resolutions of the former session manifestly pre-suppose that it was within the competency of the Senate, as well as the House of Representatives, to act upon that proposition, then in fact pending in the Senate. In consequence of those resolutions, one of the Senators from Virginia resigned his seat; a resignation certainly most unexpected to me; equally unexpected, I believe, to the General Assembly. Neither have I ever believed that the resolutions it had adopted were designed to produce any such result. I was, soon after, elected to fill the vacancy. I shall not say that the resolutions which had recently been adopted by the General Assembly constituted my motive for voting for the resolution passed by the Senate some weeks after I took my seat; for, in truth, this resolution expressed the sentiment I had myself all along entertained and expressed. But, surely, I have a right to refer to the instruction of the General Assembly of 1833, 34, requiring me to vote for the resolution which the present General Assembly instructs me to expunge, and to vindicate and sustain myself by their authority; otherwise, no Senators can ever safely obey any instruction; he must incur the danger of being driven to the alternative now presented to me, of dishonoring himself by voting against his conscience, or of resigning his place, whenever, in the vicissitudes of party warfare, a subsequent Legislature shall think the instruction wrong. It is with the deepest conviction and heartfelt pain that I say, as I must say, that the proceedings of the General Assembly of Virginia, on the present occasion, are calculated, above all things, to impair the right of instruction itself.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION IN CHINA.—A number of the Canton Register, received by a recent arrival at New York, gives a very interesting account of a voyage to the east coast of China, performed by the American brig Huron, Captain Winsor; the object of the expedition being merely to distribute religious books and extend Christian instruction among the natives, for which purpose the brig was chartered by the Rev. W. H. Medhurst and Mr. Stevens, an American mercantile gentleman. The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser states that Captain Winsor sailed from the Cumsingmoon on the 26th of August, and returned to Lintin on the 31st of October, Messrs. Medhurst and Stevens having put in circulation among the natives, 20,000 volumes, and spent fifteen days on shore, meeting with very civil treatment wherever they landed. The principal places at which they touched were Shantung, Shangae and Tungshan.

It seems, however, that the movements of the Huron were not relished by his imperial majesty, for an edict shortly made its appearance, some portions of which we copy.

Now it is authenticated that Fungteenheen has reported that the English foreign ship has moved about from place to place without the least apprehension, and he requests that the great officers of Canton may be ordered to issue strict orders to the said foreign eye, that he will be cut off for ever from the courtesy of the awful and to be dreaded nation (China;) and to prevent future calamities, those English foreigners must be ordered to remain at Canton, conducting their trade, and be taught to restrain their fierce, violent, crafty, and cunning dispositions. In the 12th year of Taoukwang, they presumed to send a foreign ship to Fuhkeen, and from thence to Chekeang and Shantung, and other places. Last year, in the autumn they sent in ships of war up to the inner waters of Whampoa, without passes, even as near to the provincial city as 10 le; their daring was so great they fired off great guns carrying great heavy shot; and in every way they transgressed against the laws, which are actions of the most serious and irregular kind. This time a foreign ship from Kwangtung (Canton) has again entered the waters of Shantung, and foreign books have been distributed from her, with the intention of madly exciting doubt and disturbance; all this is most extraordinary, and to be feared; the said foreign vessel running into the waters of every province, going and returning, wandering here and there; if it is not the foreign eye who has ordered this affair, who is it who thus dares to wander about without fear—the captain? He and his colleagues are ordered immediately to issue a clear edict to the said foreign eye and the others, that the regulations of the celestial dynasty permit them to remain at Canton, trading, and this flows from the benevolence. Hereafter, let every foreigner respectfully obey, and be prevented from going to any other provinces, madly scheming irregular and extraordinary profits. Should they again indulge in their disorderly thoughts and actions, drive them forthwith out of the port, and do not allow them to trade: and administer the laws so that it will be difficult for them to offend, and they will not be led into the committal of crimes, and then into late repentance. Make this edict generally known—send it to Pang, the hoppo, for his information. Respect this.

A REGULAR PAUPER.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript has been engaged, for some time past, in amusing the readers of that journal, with sketches of some of the prominent paupers of that city.—These sketches possess considerable interest, as they exhibit, in a very strong light, the impositions practised upon communities by the lazy and improvident. Annexed is Sketch number seven.

"Will your honor plase give me an order to go to the poor house?" said an Irishman, of robust appearance, to an overseer of the poor.

"Why do you ask charity? You look like one abundantly able to support yourself and a family of half a dozen."

"Long life to your honor's honor, I've got the rheumatics in me back and me two shoulders; many's the hard day's work that I've done for the Mayor, since next April was two years, swapeing the strates; but now there's not a job to be got from the city, and what should a poor fellow do but go to the poor house, where dacent provision is made for the like o' me.

"You do not look like a drunkard; I take it you have no family; your wages at street work must have been a dollar and a quarter a day.—What have you done with your earnings? have you money in the Savings Bank?"

"I'm out of money *intirely*, plase your honor. You must know that it took all the money I had earned till last fall to pay the passage of me poor mother and me sister Nora, that is the widow Flannigan, and her three children, from Dublin. Then I rented a room, and gave them a bite and a sup till last Monday was a week."

"Where are they now?"

"Och, bad luck to this country, me sister took too much of the *crater*, and was sent to the House of Correction, and my mother and the children have gone to the poor house. I went to see them yesterday; they are nice and comfortable; and now I've none to take care of me place—will you give me the order to go and stay with me mother till the spring?"

"No; you can easily find employment enough to sustain yourself even in winter. There are too many in the poor-house now, to stay only till spring, who might support themselves and families, if they would only be temperate and prudent, and save a portion of their summer's earnings for winter's use. The money you have received for work from the city, you have used to bring paupers into the country; the least you can now do is to provide for yourself." Ocea.

CONGRESS—Wednesday, March 23.

IN SENATE.

A memorial was presented to-day, by Mr. Grundy, from a committee of clerks in the several public offices, praying for an increase of salaries, which was referred to the committee on Finance.

RAIL ROAD MAILS.—Mr. Grundy gave notice that he should, on to-morrow, ask leave to introduce a bill to authorize the Postmaster General to make contracts with Rail Road Companies for carrying the U. S. Mail.

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—Mr. Davis presented a series of resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Massachusetts, on the subject of the lands belonging to that State and the State of Maine, which are claimed by Great Britain as within her boundary.

EXPUNGING RESOLUTION.—The Senate proceeded to consider the Expunging Resolution offered by Mr. Benton. Mr. Porter resumed his remarks in opposition to the resolution, and in reply to the views thrown out by the Senator from Missouri. After Mr Porter had concluded, the resolution was laid on the table for the present.

The Senate then went into the consideration of executive business, and afterwards adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

In the House, the bill to repeal the section of the U. S. Bank charter making the notes of the bank receivable in payments to the government, was discussed in Committee of the Whole, and at length, on motion of Mr. Cambreleng, who moved the previous question, taken out of Committee, and brought into the House.

Mr. Cambreleng said, that it was necessary the House should act promptly on the subject, as it appeared from letters just received at the Treasury, that the branches had refused to redeem the notes of each other, and made them a subject of brokerage and speculation. He said he should call up the bill to-morrow.

The following remarks of Mr. Webster upon Mr. Grundy's motion to enquire into the expediency of authorising the Post Master General to make permanent contracts for the transportation of the mail on rail roads, will be read with much interest.

"Mr. Webster supported the position taken by the Senator from Tennessee, and would take that opportunity to say that he should make a reference to the Committee on Post Office and Post Roads, of some subjects which he had before brought under consideration there, but what he thought might well go, with other matters, to that committee. Mr. Webster would have government take an interest in rail roads—and be essentially instrumental in their establishment in all parts of our country, upon condition of services rendered in the manner contemplated, and while the public purse was so well able to contribute to works so valuable and so great. He would have a rail road from Bangor to New Orleans—from Buffalo to Washington, and in all those important directions to which public attention was every day invited. And what reason could be rendered, why the public funds should be withheld, when it could be so well invested as in this species of enterprise?"

Extract of a letter from Harrisburg, March 23:—The Senate have been engaged most of the day in considering a bill to make appropriations to the different colleges in this state. The bill originally was, to appropriate 20,000 dollars to each, in the whole 288,000 dollars; but an inflexible minority by opposing the bill, and the rescinding of the rule which forbids bills to be read twice on the same day, finally succeeded to reduce the sum to 180,000 dollars, being 12,000 dollars to each. Bills are not to be transmitted after to-day.

The bill to incorporate the William Penn Market Company, and the West Philadelphia Canal bill, passed and were sent to the House.

In the House, Mr. Reed offered a joint resolution requiring the Canal Commissioners to cause a survey of the Columbia rail-way next summer, and an estimate made of the expense of so carrying it out as to avoid the inclined planes. Laid on the table.

Mr. Cox, from the committee to examine the Philadelphia Bank, made a report favorable, and the usual number of copies were ordered to be printed.

The following bills passed through a second and third reading. An act to incorporate the Philadelphia Loan Company—ayes 47, nays 25; to charter the Newcastle and Pymatuning Rail Road Company; to extend the charter of the Manufacturers and Mechanics' Bank of Northern Liberties. This bill failed at first, on second reading, 37 to 34, but the vote was afterwards reconsidered 51 to 25 and it passed 59 to 31. The bill to repeal the charter of the Berks County Savings Institution, and charter the Berks County Bank, passed 44 to 25. The bill to extend the charter of the Philadelphia Bank, also passed.

We learn from the *Lexington Intelligencer*, that the Arsenal, containing the public arms, at Frankfort, Ky. was discovered to be on fire about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 13th inst. and such was the headway to which it had [illegible] arrived, and the rapid progress of the flames, that the buildings with its whole contents was destroyed. Not a sword, musket, cartouch box or trapping was saved. The origin of the fire had not been ascertained. It appears however, that the hands had been engaged in cleaning the arms the day previous, and thence, it is probable, resulted the accident.

The Baltimore American of Thursday says: "Yesterday afternoon a young man, a son of Mr. Joseph Rowell, Howard street, while engaged in putting a [illegible] on the new building at the corner of St. [illegible] and Lexington streets, fell from the cornice to the ground, striking a post or upright plank, which passed through his body. His existence was terminated instantly."

[illegible] A wilful and aggravated case of homicide was committed near this place by one of our citizens on Sunday morning last. [illegible] morning, Mr. James L. Hill, and a Mr. [illegible] made an excursion from this place with a view of spending the day in the country and returning in the evening. They stopped at a house on the way, kept by a Mrs. Berry, and took from the buggy some champagne which they had along with them, Mr. Hill requesting Mrs Berry to lend him a tumbler. She refused, adding that she kept her tumblers for her own use. Mr. Hill persisted in demanding the tumbler, and she in refusing it, until she finally shut the door with Hill outside. He then drew a pistol and fired into the upper part of the door, and afterwards forced it open by a kick, but still remaining outside. Mr. Adams then came up and led him a few paces away from the door, and was remonstrating with him to induce him to desist from his violence, when the woman stepped to the door with a musket, and shot Hill in the head. He died immediately.

(From the Baltimore American.)

The Wheeling Gazette publishes the paragraph inserted in this paper a few days ago, relative to the arrest of two persons in this city charged with having committed a robbery on a Western merchant near Wheeling, and adds to it the following particulars:—

"There were two or three circumstances connected with the robbery here alluded to, which are sufficiently singular to be worth relating. The gentleman robbed was a Mr Franks, merchant, of Alabama, and the two thieves were passengers in the same steamboat up the Ohio. The ice in the river compelled them to leave the boat near Fishing creek, about forty miles below here, and there engage horses and a guide to this town. On the way they slept at a farm house, where, during the night, Mr. Franks was robbed of 550 dollars. The party, including the guide, all submitted to a search, but no trace could be found of the money, and the journey was resumed. In an hour or two after setting out, Mr. F. with one of the passengers having got considerably in the advance, was hastily overtaken by the other, who told him that the guide had just confessed that he knew who had stolen the money, and that it was a young man of his acquaintance who had slept at the house.

The passenger further related that upon this he had endeavored to apprehend the guide, but that he had sprung from his horse and escaped into the woods. The appearance of the horse without the rider at that moment, seemed to confirm the statement, and Mr. Franks determined to take steps, on reaching Wheeling, for apprehending the fellow.—Shortly after his arrival here he was a little surprised at seeing the guide himself enter the town in pursuit of his horses. He instantly caused him to be apprehended and thrown into jail on the affidavit of the passenger to whom the alleged confession had been made, and the three travellers continued on to Baltimore. In a week afterwards, the counsel employed in the case received a letter from Mr. Franks, stating that he had been deceived by his fellow passengers and that he had discovered that they were the thieves and he begged that the innocent man might be forthwith set at liberty. This however had already been done, by a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that the offence was committed in Ohio, a day or two after his imprisonment. The real thieves were detected by the latter's happening to identify in a store some of his bank notes, which had but an hour or two before been received from one of his fellow passengers.

The separation of the guide from the party on the morning after the robbery is supposed to have been effected by one of the confederates pushing him from his horse, the poor fellow having taken a *cup too much*, and being found in the road shortly afterwards in a state of insensibility."

SOMETHING THAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

[illegible] in a "three vol. post oct." will not find their appetite impaired by a "relish" that owes its existence to real life.

"What a place for a gentleman to live in!" said Henry Evanshaw, a victim of the Greek-and-Latin-incompetency system, as he sate in his back attic, which "served him for parlor, and kitchen, and all," one dreary afternoon in September; and in "melancholie moode and accentes lowe" he began taking an inventory of the properties which constituted his "*furnished* lodgings," and consisted of very little more than pens, ink, paper—six treatises, eight epics, and nine novels!

Henry had again resigned himself to the gloom of contemplative retrospection, when the accents of his landlady broke upon his ear—not "like Houri's hymn," but in a tone the very reverse of that kind of voice which has been pronounced to be "a most excellent thing in woman"—intimating that the "postman" had been again with the letter from Brighton, and had again "refused to leave it," save for prompt payment. This was from his father, to whom he had written two days previously for another "last supply."

In the evening Mr. Evanshaw was passing a neighbouring coffee house to which he sometimes resorted, and longing to be possessed of such a sum as would justify him in entering, when he was accosted by its proprietor—"I think, sir, your name is Evanshaw?"

"It is," said Henry; and tailors and bailiffs alternated before his eyes.

"I have a parcel for you, sir, left this afternoon;" and in two minutes the packet was placed on the table at which Henry had now seated himself, and the poor scholar was left monarch, *pro tem.*, of all he surveyed.

A flush of hope crimsoned his hungered cheeks, as he broke the seals of the packet; it was but momentary, and the sight that instantly followed bespoke the man whom experience had taught to expect disappointment, but whose sanguine temperament bade him hope the best.

The packet contained a letter, and a hundred pound Bank of England note! The former had neither signature nor date, nor was the address of the writer mentioned; further, the handwriting was perfectly unknown to him. The contents were as follows:—

"Mr. Henry Evanshaw is informed that if he will go this night to 11 —— street, Cavendish square, he will find apartments fitted up for his reception, and the people of the house ready to pay him every attention. Mr. H. E. is further informed that, if he will call to-morrow at Messrs. Drummond's, he may, on stating his name, and the above address, receive the sum of £250; and that such may be had by him, on personal application, every quarter. Enclosed is a hundred pound note."

A Royal salute, a discharge of artillery, would convey but a faint idea of the echoing rat-tat-tat, which astonished the intellects of the inhabitants of —— street, Cavendish square, as the clock struck ten, on the night of the day when our incident commenced. The lion's head, had it been a real one, would have ached until the following Christmas.

"Mr. Evanshaw, I presume?" said the landlady: "pray, walk up stairs, sir. The gentleman in blue told me to be prepared to receive you at about ten: we have just finished. The gentleman in blue, I'm sorry to say, sir, left about three minutes ago."

These last observations of the landlady were just concluded, as the parties entered the drawing-room. The effect this produced on our hero as he entered, was very similar to that which the palace of the three sisters had upon the fisherman in the Arabian Nights. Astonishment is said to be the result of ignorance: all marvelling, therefore, must be excused in a man who for the last eight years had been doomed to the bare walls and sterile interior of a poet's attic.

The room he entered was a noble one. The finest Turkey carpet hushed the treading of the delighted feet, rich crimson velvet curtains helped to inclose the warmth imparted by the cheerful fire, and the imagination partook of their fervid glowing—of their gorgeousness. A mirror, which reached the ceiling, was hung over the white marble mantel-piece; the walls were plentifully adorned with a few of the choicest pictures of the old masters, with the exception of that opposite the fire-place, which was totally covered by a mahogany set of book-shelves. And

"Round the lamp of fretted gold
Bloom'd flowers in urns of china's mould."

The other room contained all the appurtenances of an elegant sleeping apartment.

But one thing surprised him more than all this. The books, the papers, the beloved inkstand, the gift of a dear friend, and all that he could have cared for in the abject poverty from which he had just been rescued, were there: less than three hours before, they had lain scattered about the forlorn attic in —— lane! He had thus nothing to regret—every thing that could contribute to his well-being, mental and physical: misery seemed to have been changed into happiness, as suddenly and unaccountably as Harlequin changes a [illegible] into a beautiful goddess.

Verily, as Bishop Berkeley contends, our life is but a dream, what a supper must many of us have eaten before we first went to bed! What a very improper quantity of superfluities we must have indulged in, that such not-to-be-accounted-for and contradictory things take place; that misery and happiness come and go—now one and now the other; that now we are beloved, now hated—now weeping, now laughing; in short, how very good an argument is in support of the Bishop's theory, that our life is so very like the dreams that we have on our beds of down or flinty couches—equally paradoxical, absurd and useless!

Weeks passed away, during which Henry heard nothing of the "gentleman in blue," whom he half suspected to be a relation of the "gentleman in black." He nevertheless had done little else than enjoy himself in the company of his delightful old authors—friends, who had been his only ones in need, and to whom he now felt increased gratitude, as well as respect and affection.

There are few pleasanter places than a public exhibition-room—the realm of colour, delight, and refined enjoyment. About a theatre, we know not why, there is an inherent appearance of dissipation; the effort to get at pleasure strikes us more than the pleasure itself; everybody laughs, but apparently only because others do; and, furthermore, the fatigues of the day have left the revellers weary and listless. But a morning exhibition—with the sun pouring in through the windows, the sleep-freshened faces, the sociable mingling of the enjoyers, the moving to and fro, the approving hum, in short, the animation that is really partaken of by every one—is a remnant of the golden time; a place apart, sacred to innocence and knowledge—a temple fit to adorn the purity of a poetical paradise. Mr. Evanshaw agreed with us, and, after he had been there some two or three hours, found that he had not yet done one room.

He was now struck by a particularly fine picture of Edward Landseer's, and sate down on a bench to enjoy it at his leisure. He had not been long seated thus, when a gentleman, who had, unperceived by him, placed himself by his side on the bench, observed to him that he thought the picture he was looking at was the finest in the room. The stranger was a man of proportions the very smallest, though delicately moulded; and his deportment had that character which is implied, though not expressed, by the word *gentlemanly*—a mixture of elegance, modesty, and self-consciousness. His features were handsome, but chiefly remarkable for sweetness of expression and that patient quietude which is the result of either past suffering or habits of study. His dress, by the way, was blue.

"I am happy, sir, in being able to agree with you," said Evanshaw. "That picture of Landseer's has, to me, more genius about it than any other I have seen, —more truth. The artist has a power greater than any other, of expressing what he feels: and it is the power to express, and not to feel only, which constitutes the fine painter, as well as the fine poet and musician. But there are many other very beautiful pictures."

"There are, indeed," replied the stranger: "You will forgive me if I am mistaken in judging from your last observations, that you are disinclined to make comparisons."

"I did not mean so by what I then said. I simply wished to cultivate a feeling of gratitude for any thing of the beautiful that an artist gives us, however little that beauty may be. I will not forget, in my admiration of Landseer's genius, the feeling and truth of that little landscape yonder. A drawing so lovely, though the smile of my mistress is more so; and certain trifles, Sir, have made my heart bound forward with the deepest gratitude to the mind that can bring a smile from my heart, or for an instant unscrew the frown that suffering has placed upon my brow."

"I cordially sympathize with you in that feeling," returned the stranger; "that theory has been my comfort through life—has enabled me to encounter poverty with a hope."

"What would become of love," asked our hero, "if that theory was not the true one? What would become of association? That one finest thing which our experience had taught us, and that one only, would then be believed by us, and the whole wisdom of 'natural piety' be done away with. In fact, it is impossible for humanity to feel otherwise, seeing that it is a creation whose humanity is half generated by sympathy—by the past, however sad or various."

Some time passed, and the two gentlemen seemed disinclined to drop a conversation in which their own separate views and opinions discovered themselves to be so agreeably in unison. The lateness of the hour, however, was at length such as to compel them to think of returning home, and an unEnglish cordiality, yet with the truest and most deferential politeness, proposed that they should dine together at his own house. This arrangement Evanshaw gladly acceded to; and, arm in arm, as though they had been friends who had "grown up inseparably together," they descended the staircase, mounted our hero's cab, and were soon seated at their ease in the stranger's drawing-room, in Hanover street.

The dinner was over, and for some reason or other, Henry was happier than he had felt for many years.—With a man who was evidently not only a scholar, but one also of refined taste and profound reading, he felt, for the first time these eight years, in his element; and as he turned over the pages of his friend's parchment-covered Theocritus or Homer, pages browned by the breath of antiquity, the flush of sympathy suffused his cheek, and the glowing cordiality of an old and fond association.

"Were you ever in Italy, sir?" said the stranger host, after some conversation on other matters.

"Did you ever meet, in Italy, with an Englishman of the name of Barrow?"

"Barrow! 'Twas *his* name: the name of him I preserved. Is he living?"

"He is."

"Do you know him?"

"Strange to say, though I have seen him every morning for many years, I do not *know* him. I mean in the profound acceptation of the word. If I did *know* him, I should have mastered one of the greatest metaphysical difficulties in the world."

"You speak in riddles. Can I see him?"

"That is for you to say. I should think you might, for he sits close to you at this instant." And with these words the stranger bared his wrist, and discovered to his friend the scar made by a wolf's teeth.

The friends were now in each other's arms.

"Domestic calamities, of all sorts, have altered me, my dear Evanshaw," said Barrow, after a time. "But good philosophy has enabled you to carry cheerful and unimpaired looks, despite your long poverty. Is every thing arranged as you like it in —— street?"

"How is it possible you could know my lodgings?"

"Simply, because I—I am the gentleman in blue."

There was too good an understanding between the friends—the faith of each in the other's nobility of nature, set all entreaties on the part of the one, and all refusals to be obliged on that of the other, quite out of the question. They felt, as it were, with the same heart.

Many years have passed away, during which period the two friends have not been once separated. They took up their abode together the day after their meeting at the exhibition; have both married since; and, with their respective children, still have one roof covering them—are, while we are writing, in the very best health, (we drank tea with them last night) and as young at heart, and as full of hopefulness and kind doctrines as they were twenty years ago. H. H.

From Kincaid's Random Shots.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

THE WIFE OF THE REGIMENT.—While the troops of the light division, as already noticed, were strutting about with the consciousness of surpassing excellence, menacing and insulting a foe for which their persons, knapsacks, and all, would barely have sufficed for a luncheon, a dish of mortification was served up for those of our corps, by the hands of their better half, which was not easy of digestion. To speak of the wife of a regiment is so very unusual as to imply that she must have been some very great personage, and, without depriving her of the advantage of such a magnificent idea, I shall only say that she was the only wife they had got, for they landed at Lisbon with eleven hundred men, and only one woman. By what particular virtues she had attained such a dignified position among them, I never clearly made out, farther than that she had arrived at years of discretion, and was what is commonly called a useful woman, and had seen some service. She was the wife of a sturdy German, who plyed in the art of shoemaking, whenever his duties in the field permitted him to resort to that species of amusement—so that it appeared that she had beauty enough to captivate a cobler, she had money enough to command the services of a jackass, and finally she proved she had wit enough to sell us all, which she did the first favorable opportunity, for after plying for some months at the tail of her donkey, at the tail of the regiment, and fishing in all the loose dollars which were floating about in gentlemen's pockets, (by those winning ways which ladies know so well how to use, when such favorable opportunities offer) she finally bolted off to the enemy, bag and baggage, carrying away old Coleman's all and awl. It was one of those French leave-takings which man is heir to, but we eventually got over it, under the deepest obligation all the time for the sympathy manifested by our friends of the 43d and 52d.

DARING AND BRAVERY OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER.—Nothing shows the daring and inherent bravery of the British soldier so much as in the calling of a body of volunteers for any desperate service. In other armies, as Napier justly remarks, the humblest helmet may catch a beam of glory; but in ours, while the subaltern commanding, the forlorn hope may look for death or a company, and the field officer commanding the stormers an additional step by brevet, to the other officers and soldiers who volunteer on that desperate service no hope is held out, no reward given; and yet there were as many applicants for a place in the ranks as if it led to the highest honours and rewards. At the storming of Badajos and St. Sebastian, I happened to be the adjutant of the regiment and had the selection of the volunteers on those occasions, and I remember that there was as much anxiety expressed, and as much interest made by all ranks to be appointed to the post of honour, as if it had been sinecure situations, in place of death warrants which I had at my disposal. For the storming of St. Sebastian, the numbers from our battalion were limited to twenty-five; and in selecting the best characters out of those who offered themselves, I rejected an Irishman of the name of Burke, who, although he had been on the forlorn hope both at Ciudad and Badajos, and was a man of desperate bravery, I knew to be one of those wild and untameable animals that, the moment the place was carried, would run into every species of excess.

The party had been named two days before they had been called for, and Burke besieged my tent night and day, assuring me all the while that unless he was suffered to be of the party, the place would not be taken! I was forced at last to yield, after receiving an application in his behalf from the officer who was to command the party; and he was one of the very few of that gallant little band who returned to tell the story. Nor was that voracious appetite for fire-eating confined to the private soldier, for it extended alike to all ranks. On the occasion just alluded to, our quota, as already stated, was limited to a subaltern's command of twenty-five men: and as the post of honour was claimed by the senior lieutenant (Percival), it in a manner shut the mouths of all the juniors; yet were there some whose mouths would not be shut, one in particular (lieutenant H.) who had already seen enough of fighting to satisfy the mind of any reasonable man, for he had stormed and bled at Ciudad Rodrigo, and he had stormed at Badajos, not to mention his having had his share in many, and not nameless battles which had taken place in the interim; yet nothing would satisfy him but that he must draw his sword in that also. Our colonel was too heroic a soul himself to check a feeling of that sort in those under him, and he very readily obtained the permission to be a volunteer along with the party. Having settled his temporal affairs, namely, willing away his *velvet jacket*, *two pair of trousers*, and sundry nether garments, and however trifling these bequests may appear to a military youth of the present day, who happens to be reconnoitering a merchant tailor's settlement in St. James's street, yet let me tell him that, at the time I speak of, they were valued as highly as if they had been hundreds a year in reversion. The prejudice against will making by soldiers on service was so strong, that had H. been a rich man in place of a poor one, he must have died on the spot for doing what was accounted infinitely more desperate than storming a breach; but his poverty seemed to have been his salvation, for he was only half killed, a ball entered under his eye, passed down the roof of his mouth, through the palate, entered again at his collar-bone, and was cut out at the shoulder-blade. He never again returned to his regiment, but I saw him some years after, in his native country, Ireland, in an elective situation, and excepting that he had gotten an ugly mark on his countenance, and that his former manly voice had dwindled into a less commanding one, he seemed as well as ever I saw him.

[illegible] on words, thus.]—The explanation over, a long silence ensued, each afraid to pop the question, which must be popp'd, of whose wife was Nancy; and when at last, it did come out, it was more easily asked than answered, for, notwithstanding all that had passed, they continued both to be deeply enamoured of the mutual wife, and she of both, nor could a voluntary resignation be extracted from either of them, so that they were eventually obliged to trust the winning or losing of that greatest of all earthly blessings (a loved wife) to the undignified decision of the toss of a halfpenny. The marine won, and carried off the prize, while the rifleman declared that he had never yet given himself for being cheated out of his half, for he feels convinced, that the marine had come there prepared with a ha'penny that had two tails.

A SURRENDER AT DISCRETION.—At the storming of the heights of Bera, on the 8th of October, 1813, colonel, now Sir John Colbourne, who commanded our second brigade, addressed his men before leading them up to the enemy's redoubt with, "Now my lads, we'll just charge up to the edge of the ditch, and if we can't get in, we'll stand there and fire in their faces." They charged accordingly, the enemy fled from the works, and, following them up the mountain, sir John, in rounding a hill, accompanied only by his brigade major and a few riflemen, found that had he headed a retiring body of about 300 of the French, and whispering to his brigade major to get as many men together as he could, he, without hesitation, rode boldly up to the enemy's commander, and demanded his sword. The Frenchman surrendered it with the usual grace of his countrymen, requesting that the other would bear witness that he had conducted himself like a good and valiant soldier! Sir John answered the appeal with an approving nod; for it was no time to refuse bearing witness to the valour of 300 men, while they were in the act of surrendering to half a dozen.—*Random Shots.*

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

For some months past the American newspapers have teemed with accounts of outrages committed on the advocates of the abolition of slavery, and of meetings in different parts of the Southern States, for the purpose of protesting, in the most vehement language, against any interference with the Slave population.—The following extract from the American correspondent of the *Times* shows the intensity of this bitter feeling against the Abolitionists, and that it is not confined to the country south of the Potomac.

"Mr Thompson, who was sent hither as a missionary to preach immediate emancipation, was expected in the city of New York a few days since from New England, on his way to Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania. As soon as his anticipated arrival became public, printed hand-bills were posted at the corners of the streets announcing the fact; and arrangements were made to seize him, tar and feather him, and drive him out of the city. It is a matter of great doubt whether the civil authority would have been competent to his protection. Fortunately for him and the community, he did not arrive; or if he did, it was privately, and he must have left the city without the populace discovering it. Until the present excitement subsides, it is very doubtful whether there is a city in the United States in which the people would permit him to address them. He is now literally skulking through the non-slave holding states; and in other portions of the country is considered, and if taken, would be treated, as an outlaw. That such a state of things should exist among intelligent men, and in a land of laws is deeply to be deplored.

It is deeply to be deplored; but it is also a matter of regret that the question of American Slavery is so imperfectly understood by the Abolitionists on both sides of the Atlantic. Hence it happens that men with the purest and most benevolent intentions act in a manner which is morally certain to augment the sufferings of the slaves; while, if it does not retard, it cannot hasten by an hour the period of their emancipation.

It is supposed by many, that because the British Legislature has taken measures for the ultimate abolition of Negro Slavery in her Colonies, the Congress of the United States could do the same. But Congress has no right, by the constitution of the country, to interfere with the internal management of the slave population in any of the States. To abolish slavery, therefore, in America, the whole of the slave-holding States must concur. That there is not the least chance or probability of their concurrence being obtained, for generations yet to come, is manifest to those whose feelings allow them to consider dispassionately the circumstances in which the Southern planters are placed.

They are the owners of a soil whose most profitable produce can only be raised and prepared for sale in a climate and by a process most trying to the health: this is more especially the case with regard to rice and sugar. No human being, unless compelled, will do the necessary work of a slave in Louisiana, South Carolina, or even in Virginia or Georgia. Men in Europe are forced to follow unhealthy employments in order to get bread; but this is not the case in America, where every freeman can obtain abundance of the necessaries of life with a moderate expenditure of labour. Supposing, therefore, that all the slaves in America were to be changed into freemen, it would be as certain as any thing in this world can be, that they would, with one accord, quit the Southern plantations for the more congenial climate and comparative case of Ohio, or some other of the Northern and Western free States.

What, then, would become of their late masters?—Absolute ruin would be their portion, and a desolation would overspread their property. Not so, we may be told: they might convert their cotton, rice, and sugar fields into fields of corn, the cultivation of which is not so detrimental to health. But, supposing that the soil would allow of this change, who would be found to labour under a Carolinian or Louisianian sun for *wages*, when he can have his choice out of millions of acres of fertile land in a temperate and healthy climate, at the price of a few shillings per acre, and become *a proprietor* himself? No human being, be he black or white.

Here is the grand differences between Jamaica and the Carolinas. In Jamaica, the Black he be free or a slave, must work for hire or starve. There are no vast, fertile, unappropriated prairies in Jamaica; and the principle risk, as it seems to us, in the late experiment of emancipation, arises from the possibility of the Negroes making off for the free States of America on the termination of their apprenticeship. This danger is, however, remote, compared with that which would threaten the American planter were his slaves to be set at liberty.

It is because they are fully aware of the utter destitution of labour which would arise from emancipating the Blacks, that the proprietors in the Southern United States never will consent to the abolition of slavery—never, that is, until the whole of North America shall be peopled, the price of land be indefinitely raised, and the market fully stocked with labour. Until that shall be the case, to deprive the planter of his slaves, is to devote him to ruin.

We have said that the American planter is aware of his situation. He certainly is firmly convinced that Negro emancipation is to be dreaded above all things, being equivalent in his case to a reduction to pauperism; but unless he has read *England and America*, in which the view we have briefly indicated is fully developed and unanswerably supported, we suspect that he has but vague notions as to the prime cause of the state of things which compels him to be a slave-holder,—that being nothing more nor less than the facility possessed by every free American of acquiring fertile land at a nominal price.

For the reason above given, it is idle to expect that the slave-owners will of their own free-will emancipate the Negroes. But it may be said that the Eastern, Northern, and Western States may, in defiance [illegible]

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Appointments by the Governor.

John Clarke, (formerly editor of the Antimasonic Sun in this city,) Clerk of the Mayor's Court.
John Gest, Register of Wills.
Edward D. Corfield, Clerk of Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer.
Robert Morris, Frothonotary Com. Pleas.
Franklin Comly, District Court.
Henry Witman, Supreme Court.
Wm. White, Jr. Clerk, Mayor's Court.
John Johnson, Alderman, Southwark.

The alarm of fire about 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon proceeded from the burning of the upper part of the dwelling occupied by S. W. Stockton, manufacturer of porcelain teeth, in Vine above Crown street. Damage not ascertained.

The New York Mercantile says that Hallahan, who was convicted of being engaged in the late riots of the stevedores and ship laborers, and also of an assault on Mr. Brink, the Police Officer, was on the 19th inst. sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the state prison. The other individuals concerned in the riots, were remanded to prison to appear at the term of the Court of Sessions.

Great Race.—A match is to be run on the Augusta (Georgia,) Course, on the 19th of April next, for a purse of *thirty-two* thousand dollars, between Col. Wade Hampton's celebrated horse Argyle and either of Col. John Crowell's horses John Bascombe, Lady Nashville, or Bolivia, to be named on the day of running. $17,000 on the part of Argyle, $15,000 on the part of either one of Col. Crowell's stable. Half stake—play or pay.

A Scene in the West.—The Louisville Journal of a late date says,—"John B Smith, who shot Woodbury Massey, some months ago, at Dubuque, and who escaped legal punishment for want of jurisdiction in the Courts of the U. States, was shot down and killed, in the streets of Galena, on the 31st ult. by Henry L. Massey, a highly respectable brother of the deceased. An eye witness of the occurrence informs us that Smith was shot with a pistol at the distance of fifty yards. Massey has since left the country."

The Pittsburg Advocate says,—"We believe, from our present information, and we regret to state, that the Board in Philadelphia have decided on not establishing a Branch of the United States Bank in this city for the present. The expediency of doing so, will again be taken into consideration by them during the ensuing summer."

ANNAPOLIS, Md. March 16.—The bill making every city, town and country responsible for any property destroyed by a mob, was passed in the House of Delegates to-day. The bill also, subjects all persons engaged in such riot to confinement in the Penitentiary, for not less than two and not exceeding ten years, and if any person who is engaged in protecting said property shall be killed by any of the rioters, the rioter so causing death, his aiders and abettors, shall be deemed guilty of murder in the first degree, and on conviction shall suffer death.

Incendiaries in Boston.—The Boston Gazette of the 15th inst. says:—"It is a circumstance to be deplored—a circumstance reduced now to a melancholy certainty—that our city is, and for some months has been, infested by a gang of desperadoes, who from some cause or other, are determined to set fire to our dwellings, and to reduce our beautiful metropolis to a heap of smouldering ruins! On Monday night, or rather yesterday morning there were no less than *four or five attempts*, in different sections of the city, of this description!"

Hold up your gun up!—It is positively asserted in a letter published in the New York American, that at the battle of Outhlacoochee, Florida, the greater part of the militia took to their heels and fled, and that their inglorious flight nearly involved the defeat and massacre of the regulars. It is added that "one of the militia captains lost his sword in fleeing across the river and intends to apply to Congress for remuneration."

Society in New Orleans.—It is stated that eight persons out of ten in New Orleans carry weapons, most of them in consequence of the desperate condition of strangers and stragglers who arrive there. "It is true," adds the writer, "occasional duels occur among our citizens. Not long since the mayor fought with an attorney, and yesterday a very respectable creole was killed in a duel."

Force of Jealousy.—The New York Courier and Enquirer says.—"We understand that a man residing in Forsyth near Broome street, being jealous of his wife, on the 19th inst. about 3 o'clock, very foolishly stabbed himself twice with a chisel in the abdomen so that the bowels protruded from the wounds. Surgical assistance was promptly rendered, notwithstanding which but faint hopes are entertained of his surviving the injury."

The New York American says:—"The Grand Jury have, as we understand, found four bills of indictment against the journeymen tailors, for riot, and one bill against twenty-five of the same individuals, for conspiracy. These indictments will be tried next month."

A young man of respectability, with a swelled knee, who has a taste for drawing, and writes a fine hand, is willing to engage as a partner in a "pavement chalking" concern.

A Melancholy Honeymoon.—A sober industrious young man, named Asa Anderson, of Madison county, Ken. was married to a young lady on the 12th ult. and went out the evening after and hung himself to a tree in his father's orchard, where he was soon afterwards found quite dead.

A Department for Vagrants.—We learn from Harrisburg, that a section introduced by Dr. Burden, has passed both Houses, authorising the erection of a department for Vagrants by the Commissioners for the erection of a new prison.

An Epicure.—A French prisoner, confined at Liverpool, in 1800, exhibited a taste in gastronomic matters as unique as it was refined. He was particularly fond of cats, and is said to have eaten 174 live ones in the course of a year.

According to a census taken last year, the population of Rome is 153,457, exclusive of foreigners and Jews, making an aggregate of about 160,000 souls.

More Monsters.—A New York paper mentions that Mr. Wells, of Congress Hall, served up a pair of chickens, weighing nineteen pounds!

$500 per foot were offered for a corner lot in Cincinnati, and refused.

The Rail Road from Carter's Ferry to Winchester, which connects with the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, is now open.

The Globe says it has reason to believe that if Mr. Buchanan should be instructed to vote against the expunging resolutions, he will either obey or resign.

It is said that the French leaders of ton, at Paris, are about to bring the hoop into fashion again, as a portion of female costume.

It is calculated there will be sawed the present year, at least 150,000,000 feet of boards on the Penobscot river alone. These boards will sell at the mills for about three millions of dollars.

A young married woman, named Gaiett, residing at Guernsey, died suddenly, from excess of joy, produced by receiving a letter from her husband, who is in America.

Complimentary.—Mr. Brough, the vocalist, has been presented with a splendid gold watch, by several of his musical admirers and personal friends at Boston.

Three millions of dollars have been subscribed for the construction of a rail road from Lille to Paris.

[illegible] charter incorporating a company to establish a line of packets between that port and Liverpool, and that the whole of the stock was promptly subscribed for, agreeably to the terms of the act.

The steam tow-boat Pennsylvania is now in full operation on the Delaware, towing vessels to and from the city. By her aid vessels can leave the wharves at six in the morning, and be at sea by night-fall, and can come up the river in the same time. To the prosperity of the commercial interests of Philadelphia, tow-boats of this kind are almost indispensable, and it is a matter of reproach and surprise that nothing of the kind was ever attempted before.

The Philadelphians have measured the width of the river, since the ice has made a bridge across it, and the Delaware from the foot of Market street to the pier of Toy's ferry is found to be 1188 yards wide.

A Remarkable Fact.—The church at Southampton, Mass. was organized in 1743, and they have had but two clergyman in all that time, the first serving a period of 60 years, and his successor still holding on. This speaks as much in favor of the congregation as of their pastors.—Such instances of uninterrupted harmony are but too rare in our country.—*N. Y. Star.*

Not Slow.—A little fellow who had heard the proclamation for Fast read in the church, and thinking it was all the doings of the good parson, went home in a most violent rage, and said to his parents, "I don't see what the plague our minister is goin' to have another Fast for, I'd rather have two Thanksgivings than one Fast."—*Norfolk Advertiser.*

The following is an advertisement in the Charleston Courier:—

"*Wanted Immediately*, a good, sound, able bodied man, capable of fighting Indians, to whom liberal wages and constant employment will be given. Apply at this office."

A little too far in the advance of the Age.—The Hampshire Gazette says, that the Newington folks, hearing that it was proposed to run a rail-road from Hartford to New Haven through their town, presented a remonstrance to the Directors, representing that they were a peaceable orderly people, and begged that their quiet might not be interrupted by steam cars and an influx of strangers!!

Anecdote.—So accustomed are some horses to pay toll, when reaching our bridges, that they stop as a matter of course. The other day a countryman's horse stopped to pay toll, and refused to advance under the lash. The countryman jumped out of his sleigh and began to put on the blows. 'Can't you go over the free bridge, says he, 'without stopping to pay toll?'—*B. H. Aurora.*

Illinois.—The population of this state in 1800 was only 215. By the recent census it is found to be about 270,000.

At its recent session, the Legislature of New Jersey passed seventeen acts granting divorces.

The Texians have adopted a *national flag*; the stripes, a single star, and the word Independence.

Among the last novelties in ladies dresses, is a white satin boot buttoned at the side with coloured stones, and worn in *full dress.*

In Kentucky, the bill raising the salary of the Governor to $2,500, and the pay of the members to $3 per day, has passed both Houses of the Legislature.

The Bishop of Norwich is married to a Roman Catholic lady, and the lady constantly enjoys the privilege of having her confessor resident in the Bishop's house.

It is said that in one of the experimental trips on the Greenwich Railway, in England, the train of six carriages was conveyed at the rate of *a mile a minute, or sixty miles an hour!*

The whole of N. York state and the adjoining territory of New England and Pennsylvania, above the line of the mountains, has been covered with snow for 100 days, a circumstance, we believe, unprecedented in the history of the country.

A splendid ball has been given at Portsmouth, Virginia, by the married gentlemen and "ancients," to the ladies and "single gentlemen" of the town. The ladies came out in great force and splendour.

The steamer Chester, when descending the upper Mississippi, was snagged and sunk.—Most of the cargo will be saved, but the boat lost.

The tow-boat Porpoise, says the New Orleans Advertiser of the 5th inst., in coming up with her tow, burst three of her boilers, killing the firemen, and severely injuring her engineer.

A bill entitled the Natchez and Tennessee Rail-road Bill, has passed the Legislature of Mississippi.

Mr. Armand has given notice in the Legislature of Louisiana, that he would shortly introduce a bill to incorporate the company of "Fox Hunters of Baton Rouge, with banking privileges."

Mr. Preston, one of the most eloquent orators in our country, lately in the Senate, referred to the character of Washington as a vast table land, without the shadow of a valley—a succession of mountains and yet no depression; grand, lofty, sublime and by itself.—*Pan. Chron.*

The manufacturers of salt at Onondaga pay to the state a tax of six cents per bushel. The price of salt at the works, in 1835, was fifteen cents a bushel. There were in that year 2,222,694 bushels of salt manufactured, the duty upon which amounted to $118,364.

The Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature to whom the subject had been referred, have reported in favour of chartering a Bank of ten millions.

Here is an English advertisement, cut from a late paper:—

"Wanted, a girl in consumption, to stand at the door of a methodist chapel. No objection if two should apply."

Reader! what in the name of *charity* creates such a want?

Two millions of dollars have been subscribed in Georgia to the stock of the Central Georgia Rail Road.

The Baltimore City Councils have appropriated three millions of dollars, in the name of the Mayor and Corporation, to the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, to be devoted exclusively to a prosecution of the road in an unbroken line from Harper's Ferry or at any point near that place as shall be selected, from which the extension shall be made.

[illegible] precipitated them into the water, the waves running nigh at the time, under the influence of a strong breeze. *There was no other boat* attached to the New Haven; and although planks, oars and indeed every thing that could be laid hold of at the moment were thrown overboard, Mr. Nicoll and his sister would in all probability have perished, but for the assistance rendered them by Mr. Isaac C. Loper, of New York, who put off from the light-house in a small skiff, and happily succeeded, though at great risk, in rescuing the lady, and sustaining Mr. Nicol, until another boat came to his assistance.

The Courant, noticing this occurrence, makes the following singular observation:—

"In reading the following account, every one must be struck with the fact, that a steamboat like the New Haven should be provided with only one small boat."

TEXAS.—The accounts from this place are very contradictory. Those by Natchez, up to Feb. 4th, published in our paper yesterday, represent Santa Anna as actually marching on Texas. Other information received by the Courier of this city, from Galveston Bay, to Feb. 20th, makes it out that Santa Anna is pretty much used up. The latter accounts say that he was still at Satillo, with 2200 men. Filascola at Monclova, with 400; that Cos with his 1200, dare not come to Texas. Col. Austin is said to have written from the United States, that a loan can be contracted for on much better terms, if Texas declares herself independent. Zavala, now in Texas, is very popular in Mexico, and has been repeatedly sent for to go there and take command. The Governor of Texas had sent an intemperate message to the Council. The Lieut. Governor also sent a message in opposition to the former.—*N. Y. Star.*

From Florida.

We copy the following interesting intelligence from the Cour & Enquirer of yesterday:—

St Augustine, Wednesday night, March 10.

Intelligence has just reached this, that General Gaines has crossed the Withlacoochee, with a reinforcement from Clinch of 1000 men, exclusive of 150 mounted volunteers from Alachua. One account states that the Indians had drawn up their forces, and prepared to give him battle, while another statement says that Gaines had again met the enemy and that they were his.—Scott leaves Picolata in the morning, with two companies, for the scene of action. I shall just be in time to join him, as I start at daylight to-morrow.

Yours, &c. J W S.

P S—The 700 South Carolina mounted men came in this afternoon in fine condition, and took up their quarters upon a hill west of the town. They are under the command of General Bull, of South Carolina, who will be at the head of nearly a full brigade of infantry and mounted men.

Our correspondent, on quitting Picolata, employed a friend to transmit us any intelligence that might reach that post during his absence from whom we have received the following:—

Picolata, March 9, 1836.

To the Editor of the Courier and Enquirer.

There is a report this morning from Jacksonville, received from Fort Drane, that Gen Gaines has been fighting the Indians for the last nine days, and that General Clinch has joined him with his forces, and that 400 of the Indians were destroyed, and only 4 killed and thirty-one wounded of the whites. Gen Gaines has rebuilt all the bridges, and is in readiness to march for Tampa Bay; and that 200 head of cattle had been driven to Gen G by the Alachua militia.

No express from Fort Drane since the 4th instant.

To Col Jas Watson Webb.

Postcript, 3 o'clock P M.—The express has this moment arrived from Fort Drane, and says that General Clinch marched from Fort Drane on Saturday last with 500 men, and with 5 days provisions and 80 head of cattle. Two expresses had been sent and both cut off. Nothing was heard from Gen. Gaines, since March 2, officially.

General Scott leaves here this afternoon with two companies for Black Creek, and to march from there for Fort Drane to-morrow morning.

Interesting from Texas.

According to the Natchez Courier, information has been received at that place from Nacogdoches, to the effect that Santa Anna and his army consisting of 3,500 men were advancing on San Antonio and the different posts below that place. It is added:—

"The Texians, although not so well provided with supplies as is necessary for a protracted campaign, have no doubt but that they can maintain their posts until reinforcements arrive to their assistance, even if the whole force of Santa Anna should advance more rapidly than is anticipated. But little doubt now exists that the campaign will be protracted, as the war on the part of the Texians will for the present, be entirely defensive. This will give time for emigrants to the country to arrive and participate in the final struggle. The Texians are united for the same purpose; some differences of opinion has existed as to the expediency of an entire Declaration of independence, or an adherence to the Constitution of 1824. But both parties have the same object in view, which is a resolute determination to resist the military despotism of Santa Anna.

The report of the removal of Gen Houston from the command of the army is contradicted. He was at the last dates engaged in treating with the Camanches. The following is an extract of a letter dated at San Patricio, February 6th:—

"Don Placido Benavides has just arrived, and brings disagreeable intelligence. Gonzales' command is entirely dispersed, and twenty-two men taken prisoners. 300 cavalry and 300 infantry have arrived at Metamoras, which, in addition to the garrison, makes the effective force now there 1000 men, and more are expected shortly. Cos and his officers from Bejar, are raising troops to march on Texas, 1000 men are already on the Rio Frio. [illegible]

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA.
SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1836.

Mrs. Jane Porter, No. 44 South street, Executrix of the estate of Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post, &c. in place of *John Porter, deceased.*

Notices of several new publications, are unavoidably deferred until our next.

ACCIDENT.

By the first edition of this week's Post had left Philadelphia, and while the workmen were making arrangements to insert some additional matter, having especial reference to the city, the form of types fell down, and in the twinkling of an eye was converted into a mass of pi. Fents of this character, to which all printers offices are liable, occasion a great deal of trouble and sometimes a full share of vexation, as in this instance, we most painfully realized, the mechanical labour of the week, belonging to the publication, having been, in one instant, entirely destroyed. To repair the evil as far as possible, and there being no other remedy, we have been obliged to wait, within an hour the accident occurred, and thanks to industry, and the kindness of our friends in the National, Philadelphia and United States Banks, and the Evening Journal office, we succeeded in rescuing a considerable portion of the matter, and the current news of the week.

The accident must be our apology for the imperfect state of the present number, and the omission of many literary and other editorial matter, our Washington correspondence, advertisements, &c. prepared for this paper, which have been jumbled together in glorious confusion, which we have been unable to reset so as to put in any reasonable time. Our limited supply of paper necessarily much greater we trust, it will ever be again.

The same publishers have gone on the volume entitled "Naval Sketch Book, edited by a officer and seaman, with characteristic memoranda, traditions, anecdotes, &c. second series, by the Master of Arms of a Ship." A very pleasant and spirited, as well as agreeable.

The following delicate morsel is so exquisite, that we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers at once, and in this place although it more properly belongs to the Gossip department. It is copied from the Baltimore Gazetteer.

Household Services of a Dog.—" I say stranger," said a cottage orator to a Yankee pedlar, "don't you whistle that cur to you?"—" Why he aint no use no how, he's so ugly."—" O, but he serves me a good turn, Dick." "Why in what ways Sticks the plates and dishes so clean, that they never want washing, and moreover says she would not part with him no how, for our new dog and gut used to mustard yet.

The employing all sexmakers of the ladies' branch, have recently held a meeting, and resolved to meet the demands of the journeymen for an increase of wages. The measures were among the resolutions adopted.

Resolved, That we are determined not to submit to the exorbitant measures adopted by the Journeymen Boot and Shoemakers, while we are willing to pay a fair price for labour, we will not be held, or dictated to by Free and Independent to act for ourselves.

Resolved, That we do not consider the right of workmen to say a list of wages upon us, ostensibly for the purpose of benefiting the Society of the Trades Union, but for the funds of a few designing men, who are not operatives, and who have no other object in view, than to live upon the industry of others.

Resolved, That we will not employ any man who is not considered a workman by the Society.

Learn that Mr. Jandon, Cashier of the State Bank, chartered by this state, is now in Europe, for a few days since, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for establishing agencies for the new institution, in London and France. It is stated that he will go to Europe, for the use of the Bank with the necessary funds to meet the millions in specie, and greater amount should it subsequently prove necessary. The directors of the Bank have taken the wise precaution to have a person of their confidence to accompany the agent to Europe, to accommodate the public and relieve the pressure.

It is not so well provided for the Bank of Pennsylvania, for a protracted period that they can make disbursements arrive in a short time from the city, as rapidly than is desirable. It now exists that the Bank will be able to meet all of the present, be enough to give time for ordinary demands, but if a run should take place, the Bank would be unable to accommodate the public and relieve the pressure.

In relation to the United States Bank, the legislature of Ohio, was so amended as to prohibit the establishment or continuance of Branches or Agencies of that Bank, within the state. The section interdicting the circulation of notice of the United States Bank in Ohio, was, very wisely, stricken out.

The citizens of this city have given notice that on Monday, 4th of April, they intend to take the sense of the people, by ballot and otherwise, as they state in their resolutions, the propriety of having ordinary loads to and from any of the wharves on the Delaware and South streets, the Delaware river and 6th streets, will be permitted to be driven on the Schuylkill 6 cents, and other distances in proportion to the above. Coal to be hauled by the barrel two squares or more cents per barrel, four squares or less 25 cents, and in proportion.

Fifty-four journeymen tailors of N. York, members of the Trades Union, have been indicted by the Grand Jury of that city.

They are now under trial, to answer the charge, in the sum of five hundred dollars each. The indictment contains four counts, charging defendants with having formed themselves into an unlawful club or combination, and adopting certain arbitrary by-laws, rules of regulation, injurious to trade and commerce, and unjust and oppressive toward employers and journeymen who are not members of the society,—and they are the following, in substance. That no member of the society shall work for any employer, who employed a man who had been expelled the society. That no member should work for an employer who employed a man at a less price than the price established by the society. That no member should work for any employer who refused to call upon the latter to join in a public part of the society, and that no member should work for any employer who refused to subscribe to a fund for the purpose of supporting the members of the society who might be out of employment.

We notice the following suggestions in the N. York Commercial Advertiser. They evidently proceed from the whole ground of the causes of the pressure now existing in the money market, and the remedy for the same. Do the public wish to know why money is scarce, and that stokes a remedy? Let them carefully consider the following consequences will be experienced? It is that all their money deposited in the banks will be withdrawn, and in deposit to the credit of the government in the several deposite banks. Let this sum be immediately restored to circulation, and there will not be any want of money. And the whole tone of a healthy state of the times of tyrannical masters and treasonable mistresses—masters whose chief merit is the strength of their arms, and mistresses whose skill, at using the thimble, on our destitute lands. True, the city of New York finds a large revenue, but it finds the masters in ferrals and the masses in thimbles. We won't stand it any longer, that's flat, and if you don't let us do as we want to, we would come to school no longer.

At the conclusion of this speech, the young order was gratified with shouts and hurrahs, that shook the school room to its base, and struck for the streets like the hosts of Israel. They begged, and prayed, and entreated to be let out—but the young devils were inflexible, and would not suffer them to depart until they had signed the following promise in writing:

"We, the undersigned, do hereby promise henceforth not to use either birch or hickory on the heads or hands of our pupils. We will not keep them in beyond school hours, on any account.—We will not make them wear the fool's cap, in any offence, and we will permit them to sit nearly half hour, to play marbles or run their tops. We further promise that we will not make any thing them us, besides ungrateful

This being duly signed by all the masters present, they were let out, but now come the fun for the mistresses

They shewed their nails—the little vixens shewed their necks. They shewed their thimbles—the girls made faces at them, and after a long struggle with fear and duty, they signed a promise, in which it was agreed that the girls should go among the boys whenever they chose —that they might romp and talk as much as they pleased at all times, and that no more thimbles were to be used.

Their point was gained, and loud huzzas from both sides greeted their success. The masters were all treating, and the scholars having more to control them, took a holiday on the occasion, and dispersed to pass the day in pleasure and amusement.

Should this state of things continue much longer, the worst fears may be apprehended for the improvement of the rising generation.

Curious Coincidence.

A few days ago three brothers residing in Nottingham, (two of whom had married sisters,) were each of them happily blest with an increase of family, the interval at all three occurrences being within forty hours of each other. What a comfort Mr. Malthus have said!—Nottingham Review.

CHINESE MULBERY.—A remarkable instance of the longevity of life was mentioned to us the other day by Dr. Stebbins of this town. Dr S. last autumn received a present of a mulberry tree of this plant to Illinois. One of these, was 69 days on its passage, and when received, the earth in which the cuttings had been started, and were shooting forth as luxuriantly as if enjoying the choicest atmosphere of sun, sky and soil. No doubt the cutting of the Multicaun is can be sent the world over without killing them.—Northampton Gazette.

We mentioned the other day, that wonderful curiosity, the raincoat, as it is called, was exhibited in a window in Chestnut street. It is a vegetable production of Sumatra.

The specimen now in Philadelphia 14 hands 2½ inches—Height in the Range 16 hands ½ inches—length from forehead to the point of the nose to the rump 9 hands 3 inches, 6 feet 7½ inches—length from the nose to the end of the tail extended to a right angle 14 feet 11 inches—round under the head and over the shoulders, 9 feet and 1 inch—round the body, 7 feet 6 inches—round the leg 2 feet 4 inches—round the body at the waist 9 feet 9½ inches. She was seven years old last Christmas, and weighs 1700 lbs. Her color and hair fine, and covered her in this state.

The following is the account of the weight of the sun when slaughtered:

Four quarters 272, 319 head quarters 290. 620 Hide 1041 head and heart 68 Baby and feet 52, sack 40 tallow 33—416.

Total, 1562 lbs.

When slaughtered, it was acknowledged by all to be the fattest and largest ever seen killed in Pennsylvania.

The fat of the ribs measured half three inches thick. The kidneys were not unusually large, and the muscle fat was much below the common proportion found in well fed cattle. The whole was in a healthy regular state. The meat, when cooked, made a beautiful appearance, and was a great commodity to taste.

FLORIDA

As the public attention is at this time directed to the interesting territory of unknown country, the following extract from the correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette will be read with interest.

TALLAHASSEE, Jan. 1836.

East Florida may be considered as extending from the twenty-eight degree of south latitude to the thirty-first degree, and the middle fat was much below the common proportion found in well fed cattle. The whole was in a healthy regular state. The meat, when cooked, made a beautiful appearance, and was a great commodity to taste.

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SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

The Baltimore American of yesterday says:

Yesterday afternoon a young man, a son of Mr. Joseph Russell, Howard street, while engaged in putting a tin roof on the new building at the corner of St. Paul and Lexington streets, fell from the cornice to the ground, striking upon a sharp upright plank, which passed through his body. His existence was terminated instantly."

The Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel of the 15th inst. says—From an accurate account taken of the sale of Cotton in the warehouses in this city, we find but 11,187 bales, and a sale has come to our knowledge of a crop of 67 square bales, at 20 cents. The quality we understand was very good.

ANOTHER RAIL ROAD.

The people of Kimberton and parts adjacent recently held a meeting, when it was resolved, that immediate measures be taken to procure a charter, and organize a company to construct a rail road, to connect with the Philadelphia and Reading rail road at, or near Phoenixville and extend to the Yellow Springs with power further to extend the said branch, whenever the interests of the company would require it to connect with the Columbia rail road or the proposed valley rail road, at some point east of Brandywine creek."

From the above liberal knowledge that we possess of the country through which the proposed rail road is pass, we fully agree with the meeting, that st route proposed is far preferable to the one lopsied by the Valley Company. The first road passes through a region of country abounding in iron ore, now conveyed by waggons 6th or ten miles to the Schuylkill Canal. Should pass

THE GLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

MISS POLLY GRIMES.

Miss Polly Grimes is still a maid,
Now what on earth's the reason?
Her week day frock's blue calico,
Her Sunday one is satin.

She never lets her beaux make free,
Nor listen to her vows,
When she goes out she makes the bed;
At evening milks the cows.

She's always up at six o'clock,
In time to skim and churn—
Her butter's made of yellow straw,
And is nearly yellow as salt.

Her mind is of a serious turn—
She often thinks of death;
She does not love her step so light,
Their make her gaze for breath.

Beloved by all her female friends,
She leads an easy life;
And any man is sure he would jump,
To get her for his wife.

One of the speakers at the Reform dinner at Hackney was poet, Alexander Smith, the Homer of Leeds, and figuratively, that it should be clustered like the Augean stable. "Ten of the greatest evils," he said, "were what I had to clear out, that stable cleaned." "Ah," said the speaker, "by turning sewer into it." "Nay, nay," replied the poet, "I would let it be a great deal of water and better to suit the Lords into the river."

New Year's Anecdote—A little girl was despatched by her mother on New Year's day, to wish a gentleman a "Happy New Year," with directions to tell him that she would "take the gift in currants." Accordingly she took a jug and went to the store and did her errand as follows: "Mamma sent me to say she wish you a happy new year, and here's a *jug to put* it in."

"What's the matter with our pump, daddy?" said a little chap, one cold morning this week. "O child, it's sick, with a cold on his lungs." "Why don't you exercise the lad, he'd draw his sleeve across his nose," when it gets heavy it will run at last, mark a circle." "Let it run—you're your brother,are you Snuckland."

Fun Militare—A young cousin complaining of the unfitness of the equipment at the baton shuffle during a attempt at a charge, tempered them to a *sashdeal*; on which a friend complimented him on his knowledge in a sashdeal, he had attained the rank at *Kersal*.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—*An Irish Squabble*.—Neath Waglin charged Nelly Roche with having between her on Friday last; and Mary M'Ivey brought a cross charge against Norah Waglin, for having served her in a similar way the previous night.

Norah Waglin, a straggling Irish woman, said—I went a knock for four grocers, come forward long paying and grumpy as if to grant me.

"Ach, your honor's worship," began Norah, "I wish I may die if I'm able to make a word, but I'll tell the honest I was well beat wet single lame. I'm sorry was a poor wake woman that don't know when I'll be put to bed and my self to a tomb chaler is gone, an I'm not able to take my own part (a groan). Mr. Justice has been ill in bed these three weeks, and she was so much a dolorus sick state I want to be confabbing her squeaking reader for his dinner, and got a pound of oil bale (a groan,) two pinnorth of potatoes (a groan,) and a paint of [illegible] (a groan) and when I was coming back I met Nelly Roche, who sot in me to sweep, and says she to come see her mom, and try which was the best women. Nelly Roche, says I, sez me, no such sister, and I'm not able to take a fight well go to-day but next week, after I'm put to bed, devil to me that I strike, and I'll give you satisfaction. Well that she bet me a crack, and sure one day to rakanda, Tommy Dooley, in his women. Call in Tommy Dooley, me husband's Judy.

Tommy Dooley, a big boned labouring man, came forward and swore that Nelly Roche wanted to murther Norah Waglin while she was in his room.

Mr. Combe—Is your wife? What had she do there?

Dooley—I ask her in my arms out of freindship to her husband.

The defendant declared she had been first attacked.

Mr. Combe—Well, let us hear the other lodger.

Mrs. M'Ivey then stated that as she was groping her way up the staircase to her room, she was nearly deaf knocked down and well pummeled by Norah Waglin, (I hate, she) and my attorney to her.

Norah Waglin—Place your honour it was all a mistake. I was wanting to see Nelly Roche, and when Mrs. M'Ivey came along, I could hear it was a mortals, and as I'm poor, and let her alone as she can.

After a good deal of evidence as to the origin of the assault, the complainant and defendant were ordered to find sail.

THE NEGRO WHO REFUSED TO BE FREE.

In the Yeomaner, there is quite an interesting, as well as touching, dialogue of the above kind, the merit of it is not his manner. Hector had been the mascot of some fox master's life, and Dick was a favourite with the whole establishment. Accordingly when he made a signal to Hector, who came forward with the old Englishman, and addressed him as follows, in the tone of one not seriously, but decidedly, he was evident from the weather and occasional re-arrange of the animal, what Hector feared—himself plastering his mouth with the unmerciful gift of the poor fox.

"Hector," said he, as he approached, "give me Dick, and I shall take care of him myself."

"No" means," said the negro, with an expression of a a terrific countenance at his astonishment.

"Yeah, Hector, I give you freedom. I give you freedom, old fellow. Here is money too, and in that bundle you shall have a house to live in for your."

"No, means, I can't se—I can't be free," replied the negro, sinking his head, and endeavouring to remove a portion of the tears that rolled down over the dog, and which Harmon had taken into his own hand.

"Why cant you, Hector? What do you mean? Am I not your master? Can't I make you free, and don't I tell you that I do make you free? From this moment you are your own master."

"What I mean? Why Hector done, you gone turn me—I die time o' day."

"There, Hector, you have saved my life, old fellow—you have taught me one like a friend, and I am now your friend and not any longer your master."

"No, means" (very you always been a friend to Hector." If you gib me plenty when he work, he work again me and talk, well one, and die eldery time by me. Hector no free. Hector no gone to de [illegible]."

"Yes, Hector, I have done for you all this—but I have done it cause you were my slave, and because I love you to do it."

"Ah, you no want to be bound are longer. Do'nt go I am. You must Hector for you never will die long, and take de swamp wid de logs, eaty."

"No, old fellow, but I will not call you my slave when I would call you my friend. I shall get another slave, and you shall be free."

"I dare to tell, means, if I gone to be free?" none of the old master his is, as a term of contemptible degradation, "I gone to be free, and wid de double Dutchie wid his head him like Hector?" "In chooses, me, sir, and devile no see de like wid de Dutchie and right, and very I know wha kind of thing free, come wese—or poor looks—he feel out of de house—or drink bad in de house—or de chicken catch some, he run, he tone in de wet grass of de stable—he tone in de morning. He dont drink—and who know—he take no player, he has no passion—who know. I say, means, let de debbel take me, for my body one I be, than I be free. And Dutchie berry good company for Hector. I task God he be good—I no want to be better."

The Negro was positive, and his master, deeply affected at the feeling of his inestimable servant, was a decide, after giving further instructions to the domestic, found which he first took of the wounded Dutchie.

Americans at Malta.—In Malta I had remarked large dry-goods, cutlery, furniture, &c., two dollars' worth clothing, cotton, and one shoe to a soup tureen. I also remarked a number of Americans, who had been south chiefly, confined to the tuitory in England, was not much to country. To my astonishment, I was informed that the colonel of cutting clothing that had been imported from Yankee, and that the whole of the officers were daily entertained one by relating to court martial and he and his daughters by turn, a night of it as any fashionable.

The last, none other has arrived to discussion to return home by a American family, consisting of a father, mother, and three daughters. The party visited coffee-house of a father, mother, and three grown young people, all remarked, and I, quite naturally, in the act of procedure into a which seems to be described as "hitherto," and some of the Russia. The eastern end, their chairs on the sofa in the drawing-room, and would be removed to the occasion, or, according to their minority, to accordance. When the first dinner had made its appearance, the father began cutting the body of the hare, whose appearance and odour almost made me sick. Themselves, and with much composure to cork herself in her chair.—The young gentlemen of a specimen of the family with an easy movements, one by one, followed—their example. At length the father, having helped his daughters, before the principal burden of conversation devolved upon mamma, who, in her turn, helped herself, and proceeded to partake in awful seriousness, and a gravity of silence, the same unvarying exercise, for one hour—upon the strangers was quite amazing. The lady, who had hardly succeeded in the fine flavour of her repast, broke to give dance, and to think with dancing as what she had suffered on both sides, and a young gentleman, lately married, and with a novel a new, long gone delicately to remove their mouth. They called on their host as short as to be removed with the consigned for the heartily required to make the evening without disturbing the gravity of the party by an unnecessary laugh.

From the Portland Advertiser.

Brooks' Letters.

THINGS IN SWITZERLAND.—NO. XLIX.

CHAMONIX, Sept. 8, 1835.

Hence, as I have said before, by the mountain residence of my English companions, I marched with him to ascend to the *Jardin*, as it is called, and perhaps I was struck with the fancy of many who would interest to the sun at the greatest cost. Alpine grass a where Alpine cliffs shoot up like towers, and the last little solitary growth as they say, high up in heaven. Our guides whom we consulted as to the steadiness of the obstacle, positively refused to conduct us now and civilly told us that even the guides were not allowed to venture upon the snow in their then condition. It is a lofty fellow, and he added of an advantage to try it alone, as there are no fears of the mountain itself. This information was quite reasonable, for my companion, I marched with him to ascend the *Jardin*, and he, as well assured, for it looks as if the billows of the ocean had been fixed by ice in the very moment of the greatest storm. There was a man when we began the ascent with a guide, and a pole like to give us ground with you so as not to encounter those firmly upon the rocks and the ice, as a measure on the mountain. Our guide, however, never to a very agreeable companion, and soon increased to a run, and the higher we ascended the more rapid was his pace. We were on the region of snow, and the white snow flakes came down to their offices as we have learned in March and in April by the snow on the top of the hill, the tiniest, overlooking the *frozen sea*, we were in the midst of the fiercest weather I have yet encountered in Switzerland. The storm in truth was raging, and the snow flakes rose wildly as if *frightened* at the wind—never still and glancing, resisting manfully as for defence,—in such heaps in no often, nor upon the place. Upon the summit of the mountain an old bachelor—says a public house, with a sign of the *Jardin*, and there never was a very agreeable house to Virgil's house to be made more Italian plains, and the *Jardin* to be no. [illegible] *Jardin*, for the *Jardin* had been thoroughly poisoned up from the snow, and the *Jardin*